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THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

IF any of the new Ministers really desire to maintain the French alliance, they will be well-advised in abstaining from too ostentatious a display of their own Gallican sympathies. Lord PALMERSTON and those of his present colleagues who took a part in overthrowing his last Administration ought to be equally aware that the suspicion of undue subservience to France would at any moment raise against them a storm of unpopularity. It is of course desirable to remain on friendly terms with the most powerful and the nearest State on the Continent, but for thirty years there has not been the same cause for estrangement which now makes the policy of France inconsistent with the interests or security of England. The levity of the present superficial clamour in favour of NAPOLEON III. may be estimated by a reference to the universal opinion which prevailed in and out of Parliament only three months ago. On the eve of the war, the leaders of all parties, amid the acquiescent silence of their adherents, denounced with hypothetical earnestness the lawless violation of peace which has since justified their anxious suspicions. The blow which then impended has fallen, and yet it has become a Liberal fashion to forget the deep criminality of the aggressor, and to dispute or explain away the perils which at this moment impend over Europe. The accident or error which gave the initiative in actual hostilities to Austria cannot blind any statesman to the real origin of the war. And even if the ruler of the French were morally guiltless, the progress of his arms would scarcely be less alarming to every patriotic Englishman. The French alliance, if it means more than a negative or a fiction, implies alienation from Germany, complicity with Russia, and passive acquiescence in a redistribution of Europe under a secret agreement between two aggressive Empires. Even if the alliance were itself expedient, loud professions of devotion to France are hypocritical expressions of a fawning cowardice which invites insult, and which can scarcely fail to attract it. The prostrate servility of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and his successor to the Emperor NICHOLAS at the commencement of the Eastern dispute was a principal cause of the passage of the Pruth by the Russian army. It is quite unnecessary to persuade a still more turbulent potentate that his legions may overrun Europe without remonstrance or resistance from England.

A French Legitimist paper has recently published the details of a shameless project of plunder which was concerted between France and Russia at the moment when CHARLES X. was engaged in his insane attack on the liberties of his country. The connexion thus indicated between French despotism and European war is significant and instructive. The partisans of the exiled dynasty naturally wish to place on record an arrangement which shows that BOURBONS as well as BONAPARTES trusted to the vanity and the cupidity of the nation for the success of their own criminal projects. The actual result of the good understanding between the Courts of Paris and St. Petersburg consisted in the notorious Treaty of Adrianople. The unprovoked partition of the Netherlands, and the monstrous transfer of the House of Orange to Constantinople were anticipated by the Revolution which proved that in 1830 Frenchmen had not yet lost all regard for freedom. Very similar projects have been put forth under high patronage in the present year, either to amuse Parisian curiosity, or to prepare the way for a new and enlarged treaty of Tilsit.

The Italian sympathies which animate some of the principal members of the present Government by no means involve the necessity of an exclusive attachment to the French alliance. If the Austrians are finally driven across the Alps, it is uncertain whether the conqueror will allow any settlement of Italy which may hereafter render it independent of himself. As the States of the Church are, according to

the Imperial declarations, to be maintained in their nominal integrity, the Legations as well as the capital must be permanently occupied by French troops, and probably they will be administered by French officials. In the negotiations which must ultimately regulate the condition of the Peninsula, the English Government ought to be at liberty to exercise an independent influence, instead of following in the wake of France. No other Power will be inclined to countenance the establishment of constitutional freedom in Italy, although Russia is at present impatient of the sufferings of Lombardy, and anxious for the aggrandizement of Piedmont. It must also be remembered that when every philanthropic sentiment has been fully gratified, the liberty of Europe, and the balance of power which has hitherto secured it, may deserve some secondary consideration. When Austria is once excluded from Italy, there will no longer be any motive for desiring the humiliation or ruin of an ancient ally.

Even if the motives of the French EMPEROR were wholly beyond suspicion, his acts render a cordial understanding with England impossible. The friendly relations which have existed between the Western Powers since the fall of the elder BOURBONS have been founded on a common interest in the preservation of peace by the maintenance of European treaties. An alliance, and especially a secret alliance, with Russia, is, on the part of France, a repudiation of all concert with England. It is probable that in a few weeks the fleets of the confederates will command the North Sea and the Mediterranean, and the mere prospect of their junction has already imposed on this country an enormous outlay of money. It may be judicious to deal with friends as if they might hereafter become enemies; but to arm against a trusted ally, and at the same time to profess confidence in his intentions, is an excessive application of the maxims of prudence. None of the advocates of the French cause have yet suggested an explanation of the motives which induce Russia to take part in the conspiracy against Austria. Fine sentiments about the spirit of the epoch and the propagation of French ideas through Europe, although they may be suited to the meridian of Paris or Milan, would be considered absurd at St. Petersburg. It is evident that Russia is not about to engage in an unprovoked war with Germany for the sole purpose of liberating Lombardy from a foreign ruler. The alliance with France against Russian aggression was intelligible and advantageous; but an alliance with France for the promotion of designs secretly arranged with Russia would be a wanton reversal of all established English policy. With French rulers, the choice between England and Russia is equivalent to the decision between peace and war. The consequence has, in the present instance, followed close upon the cause, and any unnecessary advances to France are equivalent to a gratuitous adoption of responsibility for an attack on an unoffending Power.

It must not be forgotten that Austria was absolutely passive in the quarrel, or that a declaration of war against England, or against Prussia, might have been made with equal justice, although not with the same prospect of success. Russia herself might have been summoned to relinquish her possession of Poland with a more plausible conformity to precedent, for the French Chambers under LOUIS PHILIPPE annually recorded their protest against the order which PASKIEWITSCH had in 1831 established in Warsaw. The position of Austria in Lombardy was sanctioned by the same public law of Europe which had provided for the maintenance of a separate Polish kingdom and nationality. Yet it is needless to point out the excuses for war which will constantly offer themselves to an unscrupulous potentate. It is impossible to calculate whether French sympathy may not be called forth, on the next occasion, by the well-known wrongs of Ireland, or by the oppressed Arab nationality of Malta. The sea-gulls of Perim have, as it is well known, recently been disturbed in their

slumbers by perfidious engineers from England, and French journalists are already threatening to assert the freedom of the Red Sea.

The expulsion of Austria from Italy, however desirable in itself, was not the pretext for the French or Sardinian preparations for war. It was said that Papal misrule had become intolerable, and that Parma, though well-governed and content, might on some future occasion be deterred from uttering its grievances by the fear of Austrian interference, and as soon as Lord COWLEY obtained an undertaking that the alleged evils should be redressed, Russia was called in to upset the apparent understanding by the insidious suggestion of a Congress. When a litigious creditor refuses a tender of payment on the plea that the matter is in the hands of his attorney, there is little difficulty in appreciating his motives, or in estimating the prospect of an amicable settlement. A more wrongful violation of peace was never perpetrated by LOUIS XIV., or by NAPOLEON himself. It seems impossible that any English Government can consider the incidental advantage which may be conferred on Italy as a sufficient atonement for the crime which has been committed, or as a security against impending dangers. Politicians in the position of statesmen who wish to trim their sails by the popular breeze, may be well assured that any superficial sympathy with France will disappear as soon as Russia appears openly in the field.

FINANCIAL DANGERS AND TEMPTATIONS.

IF the Foreign Department is, under present circumstances, the most showy office in the Cabinet, the duties of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER are still more laborious and difficult. In diplomatic transactions, the First Minister exercises a constant intervention, but Lord PALMERSTON will certainly not be inclined to take any active part in the preparation of the Budget. Although the Government contains three or four experienced financiers, Mr. GLADSTONE will probably find that his colleagues are willing to leave him the exclusive credit of devising ways and means; and it is rather to be wished than to be hoped that they may restrain any dangerous parsimony in the estimates. He has many qualifications for the task which he has undertaken—a head fertile in expedients, a memory stored with precedents, an integrity superior to all visible and conscious temptations, and a tongue to expound and vindicate against hostile critics any measures which he may consider beneficial to the country. The partial distrust which attends the most brilliant and versatile of Finance Ministers is founded rather on the eccentricities of his political career than on his former administration of the Exchequer. His greater measures in Lord ABERDEEN's Government were bold and well conceived; and if one or two of his innovations were unnecessarily provocative of opposition, his attempt to reduce the interest of the South-Sea stock was a prudent and scientific experiment, failing only through adverse circumstances. Bank Directors and City capitalists would have soon been reconciled to Mr. GLADSTONE's projects if he had known how to manage men as thoroughly as he understands the manipulation of figures. A more serious risk of failure arises from a doubt whether the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have the firmness and good sense to confine his attention to the proper business of his office.

It is the duty of the Cabinet, and more especially of the Prime Minister, to determine the extent and cost of the necessary public establishments. Mr. GLADSTONE ought to be content with regulating the details of an expenditure which he must find the means of covering. There is nothing fiscal in the question whether a large naval force is required in the Channel and the Mediterranean. If the Government, with the assent of Parliament, approves of a certain outlay, the national income must be raised to the precise point at which it becomes sufficient for the national wants. Yet, although every parish vestry knows that it must ascertain the charge on its funds before it makes a rate, amateur politicians often reason as if the public income were a fixed amount, from which the proper limit of expenditure might be deduced by calculation. Mr. GLADSTONE, although he may understand the true doctrine of revenue and of outlay, is impressed with a general horror of extravagance, and biased by prejudices against certain forms of expenditure, not because they are costly, but because he regards them as immoral. A statesman has a right to entertain his own opinions on political questions, but when he is engaged in drawing up a financial scheme he can scarcely keep his mind too clear of

casuistical disquisitions. A Budget with a purpose is a greater blunder than a didactic novel. Under the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, there is no danger that postal contracts will be awarded at the public expense for the purpose of buying votes in the House of Commons; but a project of finance devised for the purpose of disinclining the country to war would be an infinitely more mischievous anomaly than a mere revival of the good old-fashioned Irish job. During the late war, Mr. GLADSTONE, with strange indiscretion, defended his increased Income-tax on the ground that it was likely to render the struggle against his Russian friends unpopular. A repetition of the same argument would suggest the remark that the country wants a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not a schoolmaster or a spiritual adviser. A Secretary for War who appointed incompetent generals and distributed bad muskets might offer the same philanthropic apology for deliberate malversation of office. The taxpayers of England find their contributions sufficiently burdensome, without the aid of financial pedagogues who convert whips into scorpions for the sake of impressing a great moral lesson; but some consciences are so sensitive that they seem occasionally to lose all faculty of discriminating between right and wrong. If a Chancellor of the Exchequer could devise a system of taxation which involved no sensible burden, it would be his obvious duty to relieve the community, even at the risk of tempting it to mispend its facile acquisitions in the most deleterious extravagance.

While the intrinsic difficulties of constructing a Budget are sufficient to satisfy a vulgar ambition, Mr. GLADSTONE will find an agreeable stimulant in the personal impediments which he has carefully placed in the way of his own success. Those fortunate members who have survived the last two dissolutions well remember the vituperation which assailed Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS because he contented himself, on the restoration of peace, with taking off more than one-half of the war Income-tax, and with reducing, by a moderate amount, the duties which had been imposed for the same purpose. It was, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's protest, a breach of faith to interrupt the fulfilment of his own prophecies by suspending the reduction which he had provided for an imaginary period of unbroken peace. The country, by his voice, had pledged itself to remove the Income-tax in 1860, and in the mean time to pare it away by successive reductions. If the revenue was insufficient to meet the expenditure, so much the worse for the public establishments—let consistency be maintained, though the fleet and army should become useless. The singular theory that there is a binding contract between the country and itself was revived in 1858, when Mr. GLADSTONE supported Mr. DISRAELI in leaving an instalment of the Exchequer Bonds unpaid. The solemn duty of reducing the Income-tax was preferred to the incompatible obligation of paying off public creditors at the expiration of the term fixed by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. If it is possible for a politician to be bound by his own repeated declarations, Mr. GLADSTONE is pledged to provide for the abolition of the Income-tax in 1860. As, however, it is indispensably necessary to maintain the impost, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is the man not only to perform the feat, but to prove that it is simple, natural, and easy. It is only to be feared that, in a paradoxical enthusiasm for the non-fulfilment of his own prophecies, Mr. GLADSTONE may add some inordinate percentage to the burden which it will be his unavoidable duty to reimpose. After announcing, four years since, that a new war with Russia commenced on the day of his own retirement from office, he may probably fix a similar date for the expiration of his former pledge, and the subsequent imposition of a new series of Income-tax. When DANTE and VIRGIL, at the end of their long descent, reached Lucifer's waist, they found that, continuing their rectilinear course they were nevertheless moving upwards from the centre. By some such transcendental process Mr. GLADSTONE will persevere, without a shadow of blame, in the culpable system of finance for which he has so often denounced his predecessors.

The task before him is by no means agreeable or easy. There is reason to suppose that the deficit of the ensuing year will not be less than four millions, in addition to the excess already incurred in the supplementary expenditure on the navy. Mr. DISRAELI, in the vain hope of earning popularity, and Mr. GLADSTONE, for the purpose of satisfying a capricious conscience, wantonly reduced last year's income by two millions, supplying the deficiency by the renewal of a loan. The present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is, however, a purist when in office, and there is reason to believe that he will

seek to provide an equilibrium by raising the taxes and by reducing the estimates. If the House of Commons can be persuaded once more to abandon the supremacy of the sea, a part of the financial difficulty will be exchanged for a political blunder and a national misfortune. It will still be necessary to provide an additional income, and Mr. GLADSTONE entertains a wholesome dislike to proposals for increasing the National Debt. Any increase of annual expenditure ought to be met by an addition to the revenue; but it may justly be contended that a sudden increase of the navy, occurring once for all, ought rather to be charged to the capital account, and covered by a loan. The weakness of the Government in Parliament will form an element in the question; for it may be difficult to increase the Income-tax in the teeth of the popular clamour for the iniquity which bears the name of an equitable adjustment. There are strong reasons against additional taxes on commodities, and a loan is the least unpopular method of raising a large sum of money. Mr. GLADSTONE may be trusted to vindicate economical principles in defiance of all opposition; but if the fate of the Ministry seems likely to turn on the Budget, he can scarcely refuse a certain deference to his colleagues. If he can keep his own ingenuity under firm control, no other statesman is fitter to grapple with the fiscal difficulties of the crisis.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

TWO of the strings of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S bow are beginning to get entangled. The vehement appeals to the patriotism of the Italians which are sometimes expressed, and always implied, in the Imperial proclamations, are creating a movement which is not to be stopped by geographical limits; and the great towns of the Papal Legations are, one after another, throwing themselves at the feet of VICTOR EMMANUEL. At this the French Roman Catholic priesthood give signs of the deepest indignation. Ill pleased already that a great war should be commenced for the profit of the schismatic little kingdom of Sardinia, the French clergy are now heard murmuring that the rebellious son of the Holy Father is actually to have his dominions enlarged by sacrilegious depredation on the Holy Father himself. It is perfectly evident that the EMPEROR is quite alive to the danger. He owes much to the clergy, and he hopes to owe more; and the strong reproofs to the deputations from Ravenna and Bologna which he has put into the mouth of VICTOR EMMANUEL show how little prepared he is to break with that power in France whose connivance was the main cause why his revolutionary rule so rapidly assumed the character of regular authority. Lord SHAFTESBURY and his friends, who bade us not only wish but pray for the success of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S arms, may perhaps be beginning to perceive that the liberation of Italy has been undertaken by the one potentate in Europe who can never deal satisfactorily with the Roman question. Austria, if she liked, could have abated the Papal pretensions; for she could have afforded to disregard—as in fact she did for sixty or seventy years disregard—that excessively dangerous attitude of patient suffering by which the Holy See avenges itself on its persecutors. But the Emperor of the FRENCH can do nothing of the kind. The support of the clergy is the solid pillar and prop of his dominion, to which military glory is only a strengthening buttress. A Pope who should make war on him with a policy of angelic resignation would jeopardize his empire more than all the bombs of ORSINI.

It is impossible to imagine a more shameful settlement of Italy than one which should relieve the north of a tolerably good Government, and leave the centre with an intolerably bad one. Yet this is the result which the Emperor of the FRENCH will do his best to bring about; and if the effect of his victories is to confer any serious and permanent benefit on the subjects of the Popedom, it will be because the spirit he has evoked is too powerful to be reined in. We think it probable, indeed, that at the close of the war some attempt will be made to extort certain administrative reforms from the timidity of the Holy Father. But we are not sure that even victorious France will prevail over his obstinacy; and, at all events, no guarantee can ever be obtained for improvements promised to be carried out in the government of the States of the Church. The theory of ecclesiastical rule in itself renders any such security impossible. Moreover, mere administrative, nay, even mere political reforms, are little valued by Italians. Such of them as

are not hostile or indifferent to the objects of the war hunger and thirst for the restoration, in any form, of their lost national existence, and care almost nothing for institutions which do not flow from, or contribute to, the consolidation of the Peninsula. A settlement of Italy which does not lay the unquiet spirit of Italian nationality will be simply a temporary arrangement, pregnant with future confusion. Yet how can the Emperor of the FRENCH offer the smallest sop to the patriotism of Rome and the Legations without turning into gall and bitterness the friendliness of the clergy which adheres to him at home? The whole history of the Roman Catholic Church for seventy years has been the history of its denationalization. M. DE TOCQUEVILLE shrewdly remarked that, ever since the clergy over the greater part of Europe became the mere stipendiaries of the State, and ceased to have proprietary interests in land, the bond which connected them with the country of their birth had grown progressively weaker. A tendency, in fact, which always existed in the Roman Catholic Church was converted by the system of payments out of the Budget into an irresistible power; and the priestly order, wherever they are landless, are little more than the soldiers of the Holy See on foreign service. Dr. CULLEK, under our own eyes, has pretty nearly denationalized the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. The Ultramontane journals used to boast that there was not a Gallican left in France; and, indeed, it is perfectly evident that, while the widely divided secular factions of France have been instantly cemented together by the Italian war, the priests have resisted the attraction, and would almost be better pleased by defeats than by victories. A class of Frenchmen who have forgotten the strongest passions of their countrymen—the sentiment of patriotism and the pride of military success—must look with contempt or hate on the claims of Italian nationality. The modern theory of the inherent rights of race can, under no circumstances, command much sympathy from the Ultramontane priest; but when it is sought to be applied to Central Italy, and construed into a source of franchises which are to override the plenary authority of the Holy Father even at his own doors, it must be regarded as the very triumph of Antichrist. It is the Abomination of Desolation set up in the centre of the Holy of Holies.

There may be some enthusiastic Protestants in England who believe that NAPOLEON III. will simply break with the priests if they do not choose to acquiesce in his Italian policy. We believe nothing of the kind, and we are satisfied that he would never have quarrelled with Austria at all if he had not thought that he could dispose of Lombardy and the Duchies without trenching on the rights of the Holy See. No one knows better than he the immense importance of clerical support in a country governed, however nominally, by universal suffrage. The French priesthood has of late years more and more made good its position as a great power in the State. It cannot, it is true, preserve a dynasty which has its attachment from ruin, where other sources of strength are wanting; but it can accelerate the decay and speed the fall of a government which is otherwise unpopular. If the elder branch of the BOURBONS left behind it on its departure a very powerful party to represent it, while the younger family died and made no sign, it is mainly because the first had the affections, and the last the bare toleration of the ecclesiastical order. The priest, it must be remembered, though he does not control French education, gives the immense majority of Frenchmen their sole notions of morality and religion. Whatever in France corresponds with the sentiment elsewhere called loyalty comes from his teaching; and it depends on him whether the reigning house has its claims impressed on the peasantry as worthy of all respect, or treated as ambiguous, temporary, and questionable. Torn as France has been by all manner of intellectual revolutions, and unsettled as are the first principles of thought and belief, it is still a great advantage to a ruler to have his authority deferentially spoken of by the class which conducts the whole moral and religious education of French children. We have no idea that LOUIS NAPOLEON will abandon this advantage, or run the risk of having *Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem*, chanted throughout France with a scowl or a sneer.

NEW PEERS.

WHAT becomes of the old moons? The question has been often asked, and will no doubt be often asked again. Where do the used-up Whig members go to? This is a problem which all who are familiar with the great prin-

ciples of Parliamentary government will henceforth find easy of solution. Everybody knows that now-a-days, when they are done with, they are carted off to the House of Lords. That aristocratic assembly appears to be becoming gradually an asylum for amiable and decayed politicians. As soon as their presence in the Commons is no longer desirable, and their places are needed for better men, they are relegated to a serener sphere and a happier world. Gathered to sleep with the grandfathers of the nation, they cease to hamper their friends and to encumber their patrons. When a political hack is broken down, or has acquired a confounded trick of jibbing, or really looks so disreputable that Premiers are ashamed to run him in harness with the rest, only one thing remains to be done. He is turned out to grass in the Upper House, and enjoys from that moment the green pastures and still waters of a domain where existence is a long dead calm of fixed repose. He likes the change, and gives no more trouble to the team.

If translation to the Peers were universally acknowledged and understood to be a device for providing for worn-out partisans, no one would presume to question the propriety of Mr. VERNON SMITH's ending his days in a comfortable and peaceful atmosphere of inactivity. Even Sir BENJAMIN HALL's right to nobility would pass unscanned, though we might have imagined that his powers of work were not absolutely extinct. It was no doubt a great temptation for Lord PALMERSTON thus to rid himself of the incubus of two followers whose claims were considerable, and yet who would have been an element, not of strength, but of weakness, in his new Ministry. But we should not forget that a seat in the Upper House is one of the highest prizes that England can award in return for years of the most distinguished service. We have none greater to bestow on our MACAULAYS, our COLIN CAMPBELLS, and our CANNINGS. Such dignities ought not to be indiscriminately lavished on simple mediocrity. It can hardly be considered a sufficient reason for ennobling two Whig members of Parliament, that the one has been found too incapable to be again entrusted with the administration of India, and that the other is no longer wanted to preside over the drainage of the metropolis. This plan of adopting the same method for requiring useful and useless service is gaining ground after a startling fashion. Colonel PHIPPS receives the Bath, and Mr. VERNON SMITH a peerage. The indiscriminate distribution of orders and ribbons is bad enough; but that patents of nobility should be given to the incapable and the undeserving is simply monstrous. The creation of a new peer is a very important exercise of the Royal prerogative. It is a grave responsibility, which a Minister should think twice before he ventures to assume. Since the date of the Reform Bill the power has been abused in a way which bids fair to alter the Constitutional character of the Upper House. Two years ago we were compelled to remark strongly upon the unsparing use which Lord PALMERSTON then made of his privilege in this respect. He has hardly grasped the reins of government one week before we find him at his old work of peer-making. On the present occasion one of the men that he delights to honour is Mr. VERNON SMITH.

If any member of Lord PALMERSTON's last Cabinet displayed more signal incompetency than the rest, it was this gentleman. He had the misfortune to be entrusted with the control of India at the time when the entire British Empire was convulsed by the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny. The English people have not yet forgotten, and are not likely to forget, what Minister it was that misconducted the negotiations about the Indian telegraph, and that sent troops round by transport sailing vessels with the sage design of arousing the emulation of the packet service. Nor has the chief occasion on which he since distinguished himself restored their shaken confidence in his discretion, or raised him in public opinion as a party man. In order to perplex his political opponents at a most critical period in Indian history, he was disingenuous enough to withhold a letter addressed to him in his old capacity as Indian Minister—a manoeuvre which reflected on himself the utmost discredit, and was well nigh seriously injuring the public service. It was said, and said with justice at the time, that Mr. VERNON SMITH had permanently affected his Parliamentary reputation. But it was for Lord PALMERSTON that he made the sacrifice, and Lord PALMERSTON is a man who rewards sacrifices. Had Mr. VERNON SMITH served his country as well as he has served his chief, he might not at this moment be about to enter the House of Lords.

An amusing turn has been given to the transaction by a speech which his electioneering agent has delivered upon the subject to the electors of Northampton. He has been informed by Mr. SMITH that, "as a mark of *Her Majesty's personal appreciation* of his services, and in consideration of the "gross scurrility, foul abuse, and most unwarrantable attacks "that had been made upon him during his tenure of office, "*Her Majesty thought it right* that some distinguished mark of "her approbation should be conferred upon him." Thanks to the improved facilities for collecting and transmitting news, conversations with the highest personage in the land so quickly appear in the daily papers that we cannot be surprised at any account of what has passed at Court. Why should not Mr. V. SMITH have his anecdotes of high life, if Lord GRANVILLE does not mind publishing his half-hours with Royalty? But we are sadly afraid poor Mr. V. SMITH has been the victim of an unprincipled hoax. We think we trace in this the hand of our wag of a Premier. It was not a bad joke to represent HER MAJESTY as pining away in secret sympathy with Mr. V. SMITH's sorrows. It is probably Lord PALMERSTON's last. Yet if, indeed, the tale be a piteous reality, Mr. V. SMITH's calumniators have much to answer for. There has been a sad time of it in the highest quarters. Tears have been shed in a certain locality. Two ladies in waiting have wept themselves away. Great, however, as was the trouble in the Palace, we cannot wonder when we contemplate the trials of the candidate for commiseration. He never told his grief. Silent, suffering Mr. SMITH! He knows what it is to have been in the fiery furnace of tribulation, and to have belonged to the noble army of martyrs. What a delight to think that he only emerges a brighter jewel from the ordeal, and puts off the martyr to put on the peer! We do not like drawing attention to our own merits, but really he ought to be thankful to us for all our wicked and invidious remarks. Had we never impeached his zeal for the efficiency of the packet-service, Royalty might never have lamented his hard lot, and he would still have been a humble Commoner. No cross, no coronet.

But the deed is done—the fiat has gone forth—he is now a peer of the realm. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good; and if an unexpected breeze has wafted him to the Upper House, at all events it is a relief no longer to be threatened with his presence at the India Board. Let us console ourselves with the reflection that we are not likely, as far as that office is concerned, to look upon his like again. He is gone to the Lords, but we will not deplore him. Let us rejoice that his career has terminated so happily. What epitaph shall we compose over the great departed? How shall we testify our sympathy at his political decease? Words almost fail us on an event so solemn and so sad. He was an excellent Whig, and an exemplary red tapist. He governed India, and he sat for Northampton. His talents, such as they were, were devoted to encouraging emulation in the packet-service. The *Saturday Review* frowned on his humble career, and calumny marked him for her own. But Royalty (we are told) dropped a silent tear over his sufferings; and Mr. DENNIS discharged the last melancholy duties to his reputation. Afflictions sore long time he bore, till at last Lord PALMERSTON presented him with a coronet, and removed him to a place where *Saturday Reviewers* cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. He had his political sins, and they were many—let us hope he had his political virtues, though they probably were few. But if he was incompetent, he never knew it; and if he was a bad administrator, he is now a nobleman. No further seek his frailties to disclose. Leave him to the bosom of the House of Lords. *Vade in pace.*

THE TUSCAN REVOLUTION.

A SUPPLEMENTARY Blue-book on Foreign Affairs relates principally to the revolutions which have taken place in Tuscany and in the neighbouring Duchies. The fugitive GRAND DUKE naturally asserts that the proceedings of France and Sardinia are opposed to all divine and international laws; and Lord MALMESBURY, though less vehement in his language, seems, as far as human jurisprudence is concerned, to incline to the same opinion. It is more surprising that Count WALEWSKI professes not to recognise the Sardinian flag in Tuscany, and that the Russian Ambassador at Paris has formally notified to the French Government that his Court refuses to acknowledge the Provisional Government, considering the GRAND DUKE as the lawful Sovereign of that Duchy. When it is remembered that the Emperor

of the FRENCH, on assuming the command of his army, voluntarily pledged himself to countenance no attempts at revolution, and also that Prince NAPOLEON, after residing for some time at Florence, is now in command of the Tuscan army, it must be admitted that there is sufficient complication to occupy the ingenuity and to irritate the temper of statesmen. Lord MALMESBURY's successors may perhaps find a partial solution of the difficulty in the old maxim that laws are reduced to silence in the midst of arms, and they will best prove their fitness for their posts by looking to the interests of Italy and of Europe, rather than to technical rights and titles which are worthless when they are dissociated from possession. The late FOREIGN SECRETARY was justified when he declared, in answer to an imprudent remark of the Marquis of AZEGLIO, that the Treaties of 1815, though extinct as between the principals in the war, are still valid as regards neutral Powers. It is on this ground that England will have an indisputable right to be consulted on the terms of a future peace; but the territorial arrangements which may hereafter be made will necessarily depend on the actual state of affairs at the close of the war. The uniform principle of recognising existing Governments created by internal revolution may easily be distinguished from acquiescence in the annexation of Lombardy or Tuscany to Piedmont; but in either case an accomplished fact, neither mischievous nor dangerous to England, must ultimately be admitted within the precincts of public law. Lord MALMESBURY ought to have understood that the one good which could arise from the lawless attack upon Austria would be the establishment of an Italian Power strong enough to protect the Peninsula from foreign interference. If the *status quo* in the Peninsula is to be disturbed, it is impossible to understand what interest any English statesman can feel in maintaining the so-called autonomy or provincial isolation of Tuscany. The traditions of the Bonapartist kingdom of Etruria, the hesitations of Count WALEWSKI, and the protest of the Russian Government, ought to create a suspicion that the aggrandizement of the Sardinian Monarchy is not the most objectionable result to be dreaded from the present struggle.

The conclusions of divine and international law are not, as the GRAND DUKE supposes, perfectly clear and one-sided. Some casuists might contend that the perjury and treason of a ruler justify the resolution of his subjects to seize the first opportunity of retaliation; and if a foreign Prince profits by the consequent disaffection so far as to accept an offer of annexation, the moral estimate of his conduct must be regulated by a comprehensive appreciation of all the interests involved in the question. The formation of a powerful State in Italy has long been the chief aspiration of native patriotism, and recent events have made it indispensable to the security of Europe. As an outlying province of Austria, Tuscany depended on an Empire which was essentially stationary and pacific; but, unless the fortune of the present war is altogether reversed, every petty State in Italy will henceforth be an outpost of French aggression. It is not the true policy of England to thwart the efforts of the only Italian ruler who is likely to possess sufficient spirit and strength for the assertion of national independence. A Lombard Republic, a Duchy of Modena or of Parma, and a Grand Duchy of Tuscany would be little better than French Departments, even before they were appropriated as apanages for Princes of the BONAPARTE dynasty. But a kingdom of Northern Italy, with a population of ten or twelve millions, would be able to choose its alliances, and to perform for the whole Peninsula the services which Prussia, since the days of FREDERICK the GREAT, has rendered to Germany.

It may be perfectly true that the revolutions in the States which border on the Apennines have not been unconnected with Piedmontese influence, but an English Minister is not bound to inquire too narrowly into causes where he has no reason for deprecating results. Modena, dismissing a bad Duke, has relieved itself from what the English Consul, not having heard of the family of ESTE, oddly denominates "the yoke *Estense*." Parma, unwillingly parting from a good Duchess, nevertheless prefers a share in national existence to "a yoke *Borbonico*," which has been found always degrading, and sometimes intolerable. The interference of England for the purpose of maintaining these mischievous subdivisions of territory would be in the highest degree absurd and Quixotic. Lord MALMESBURY was perfectly right in abstaining from a premature recognition of Governments which may prove ephemeral, as they are obviously provisional; but the asperity of his language to Sardinia indicates an imperfect apprehension of the character and tendency of recent events. It

is France, and not Sardinia, which threatens the independence of Europe; and it would be absurd in England to insist on surrounding a formidable rival with a cluster of petty Italian satellites. The recognition of new Governments, which by international law is wholly discretionary, has become the invariable rule of English policy; but in cases of union such as that which is now suggested between Sardinia and Parma, or of disruption as in the case of Belgium and Holland, the consent of foreign Powers is given or withheld only on considerations of expediency. According to established precedent, the rights of a fugitive dynasty must be wholly disregarded, and the question which remains is whether the interests of Europe require that Italy should remain pulverized and helpless. It would be well if defenceless States were everywhere consolidated into communities capable of dispensing with foreign aid and of repelling foreign interference.

The Emperor of the FRENCH may probably not be unwilling to leave the future fate of the Italian Principalities uncertain while he can dispose of their actual resources at his pleasure. Having expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, to which he admitted their legal right, NAPOLEON III. affects to follow the example of his adversary in guaranteeing the temporal dominions of the POPE. Looking round Europe for a pretext for war, he was forced to content himself with the allegation that Austria was responsible for the undeniable misgovernment of the States of the Church. It now appears that the only part of Italy which called for armed intervention is to be exceptionally prohibited from all attempts to change its condition. It would, indeed, be premature to assume that the disavowal of the insurrection at Bologna is to be accepted as final or sincere. A French Prince, with a French army, landed at Leghorn while the Tuscan revolution was still unrecognised at Paris, and the proclamation of Milan called all Italians to arms, without making any exception in favour of the Roman States. A vague agitation, displacing or disturbing existing Governments, without involving any pledges of liberty to their subjects, would be perfectly consistent with the Imperial policy of France. It is highly necessary to take care that, in carrying out his real designs, the aggressor should not have an excuse for pretending that he is yielding, against his will, to the urgent remonstrances of England.

MR. COBDEN IN THE CABINET.

AS it seems to be understood that Mr. COBDEN will in all probability not accept the Presidency of the Board of Trade, we are likely to get all the evil and none of the good which might result from his elevation to high office. If Mr. COBDEN would really consent to administer an important department we are far from saying that the country would not derive advantage from his services, and we are quite sure that he himself would derive a good deal more. Both he and Mr. BRIGHT remain second-class politicians in spite of their Parliamentary eminence, from the want of the capacities which are conferred by the practical conduct of affairs. The limitations of political theory which are imposed by the necessity of carrying one's views into practice would suggest themselves to Mr. COBDEN after a single year of office, and we should have the able member of Parliament and dexterous hustings-orator converted by degrees into a valuable statesman. There is nothing in his antecedent career which disqualifies Mr. COBDEN for great administrative success. It is difficult, certainly, to conceive Mr. BRIGHT occupying office for more than a day or two without setting Downing-street on fire; but then Mr. BRIGHT is, as it were, COBDEN and alcohol. The less impetuous agitator won his way to success and fame less by violent attacks on monopolists than by terse and lucid exposition of principles fatal to monopoly. His peculiar vein of eloquence seems, too, just as much suited, *a priori*, to defence as to attack, while Mr. BRIGHT, on the other hand, would have to develop an entirely new form of oratory before he could be useful in resisting the hostile criticism of an Opposition. It is true that we cannot easily understand how either Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. COBDEN can agree with Lord PALMERSTON in a common Reform Bill, but the same difficulty occurs with Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and indeed with every combination and permutation which can be constructed out of the list of Cabinet Ministers.

But if Mr. COBDEN will not accept office, his nomination is an unmixed calamity. It is, in truth, a formal notice to Europe that England will not only not fight, but will not even arm. For Mr. COBDEN, it should be understood, is

little known on the Continent as the standard-bearer of Free-trade. The rest of Europe is so thoroughly convinced that Great Britain repealed her Corn-laws and revised her tariff for the purpose of robbing her neighbours to her own clear profit, that it greatly underrates the difficulties of the Anti-Corn-law League, and attributes no particular merit to Mr. COBDEN as the champion of fiscal reform. It is as the most conspicuous member of the Peace Congress that the nominal President of the Board of Trade is famous abroad. The group of nations which, following in the wake of France, sets a permanent value on no distinction but military glory, and knows no magic so potent as that of the call to arms, was thoroughly roused and startled by what to them was the most astounding of paradoxes. The prophet of Peace was in their eyes a prophet indeed—the teacher of a novel creed, the assailant of the most fundamental beliefs of mankind. Surrounded with all the attractions of the mysterious and unintelligible, he was a person to be remembered if laughed at, and to be talked of if despised. Mr. COBDEN, therefore, is a European celebrity—celebrated as the inventor of the theory that it is wicked to fight under any provocation whatever. A Cabinet which includes his name has hoisted the drab flag, and may interfere in any international dispute it pleases, with the certainty of being regarded as a harmless, well-intentioned busybody. Europe will make up its mind about the policy of the British Ministry as positively and as unhesitatingly as it would be sure to do about the intentions of the Emperor of the FRENCH if one fine day he were to gazette PIERRE LEROUX as Minister of Public Instruction, or M. PROUDHON as Minister of State.

We are almost ashamed to insist anew on the proposition that the profession of unconditional neutrality renders diplomacy powerless. If we will fight under no circumstances, there is no use in talking. The weight which each country enjoys in international deliberation depends chiefly on its military strength, and a little on its characteristic policy, but scarcely at all on the persuasiveness of its reasoning. It would be foolish to suppose that English statesmen, who cannot mollify an English Parliament when it is in a bad humour, can talk over belligerent nations when their blood is up, their hopes roused, or their interests in jeopardy. Almost anybody who keeps his head cool is capable of offering excellent advice to the excited combatants. The *Times* newspaper is equal to suggesting the most admirable solutions of the Italian question. The serious writers in *Punch* have doubtless a deep fund of excellent counsel. As for ourselves, though our modesty has been greatly shocked this week by Mr. VERNON SMITH's declaration that he is indebted to us for his peerage, and that Her MAJESTY expressly indicated this Journal as the cause of that remarkable honour, still we do not hesitate to say that we deem ourselves capable of recommending peace to the belligerents in the most sensible language. It is nothing, after all, beyond throwing into a stately and diplomatic form the amiable morality which mothers and grandmothers inculcate on their children and grandchildren. How undignified is pugilism—how ungraceful is a black eye—how much nicer it is to improve the mind in peace than to get the head into chancery! We wonder whether English Ministers, when they talk of observing the strictest neutrality, and at the same time announce that they will lose no opportunity of interposing with their mediation between the belligerents, ever think of taking a lesson from that rough society of English schools which best represents the inartificial state of relations produced among commonwealths by the outbreak of hostilities. Many a youth in a great school prides himself on being a sort of professional mediator, but his success in that benevolent line of exertion always depends exclusively on his being what Mr. THACKERAY designates as "first or second cock." One can always allay a dispute, or put an end to a pugilistic encounter, when one is known to have the power of thrashing a too persevering combatant, or dismissing him with a kick for an obstinate little ass. We should like to know the consequences of interfering in a schoolboy quarrel when the peacemaker is understood to make it a principle not to use his fists under any circumstances.

The Crimean war began because the Emperor NICHOLAS, overrating the influence of the Manchester gentlemen, imagined that England could not be provoked into resistance by any length of usurpation. It ended because Austria seconded an attempt at mediation by a threat of interference in case her terms were refused. We are now trying to play the part then taken by Austria, and all the while we strive to

create the impression which so fatally deceived Russia. It may be that recollections of the Crimean struggle will exercise more influence over Europe than the unwise and precipitate declarations of English Ministries. The belligerents may have had the conviction brought home to them that the English people is as jealous of its honour and as sensitive to neglect as any community in the world; and thus offers of English mediation may be listened to because English diplomatists are known to be the servants of a public opinion which they do not always for the moment accurately represent. But if the contrary result arrives—if English negotiation is quite unsuccessful, or if it is used as the catspaw of dexterous ambition—we shall probably be indebted for the disgrace to the supposed establishment of diplomatic relations between the Cabinet and the Peace Congress.

THE CONTEST AT OXFORD.

THIS journal is not to be classed among the great admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE's course as a statesman; nor do we contemplate the possible ascendancy of his counsels in the Government at this moment with any satisfaction. We fear the credulous reliance on the good faith of Imperial liberators into which his generous but headlong Italian sympathies are likely to betray him. We more than suspect him of inclining, under the influence of this credulity, to impair our position at a critical moment, by reducing the defences of the country. Were the representation of Oxford now a perfectly open question, and were Mr. GLADSTONE placed in competition with a man approaching him in genius and accomplishments, and superior to him in coolness of judgment and steadiness of public conduct, we should think the University might do the best thing for the country in giving his competitor the preference. But the present opposition to his return is utterly unjustifiable, and the constituency has strong reason to complain of the annoyance and trouble which it will cause. By an understanding which has never but in Mr. GLADSTONE's case been violated, a member for the University, once elected, cannot be opposed again, except for some very grave and special reason. Even Sir ROBERT PEEL, after his signal change on the Catholic question, was not called upon to resign. He resigned, and stood a contested election, for the purpose of testing the opinion of the constituency, of his own free-will. To justify the expulsion of the sitting member, therefore, there must be some special and very strong ground. There must be some act of political immorality on his part, such as would be positively condemned, not only by a vindictive party opponent, but by every man of honour. But there can be no pretence for saying that Mr. GLADSTONE has been guilty of anything of the kind. The University, thrice appealed to, has thrice decided that the middle course he has taken between Conservatism and strong Liberalism—the course which he distinctly took in joining the Government of Lord ABERDEEN—does not disqualify him from remaining her member; and his present junction with Lord PALMERSTON, after the DERBY Government had fallen for ever, is a mere continuation of his previous conduct. Nobody can suppose that he has taken up any new opinion or laid down any old one on this occasion. The charge of disgraceful inconsistency is attempted to be established against him by the severely logical chairman of his opponent's Committee, who seems to draw his manifestoes by the diagram of logical contradiction. But the charge rests on the assertion that he "expressed confidence in Lord 'DERBY's Administration' by his silent vote against the amendment on the Address. If Mr. MANSEL does not know the meaning of a vote given against a motion of want of confidence, he had better learn it before he publishes his solemn censures on great political men. If he does know it, he had better make his assertions with less reference to convenience, and with more reference to fact.

The opposition on this occasion is essentially one of political vindictiveness. It emanates in London from the Carlton, in Oxford from All Souls—a College, the aristocratic members of which scarcely deign to associate with the working members of the University, much less to take any part in learning or education, but which is very ready to show its energy as a branch-office of the Carlton Club. And, the opposition being political, the proceeding is highly discreditable to its authors. But a few days have passed since Lord DERBY solemnly declared in the House of Lords, that he would lend the new Government "a generous and independent support." Without interpreting too strictly the language of Parliamentary professions, these words may fairly

be taken to preclude the speaker from immediately breaking through the established rule of Oxford etiquette to offer a rancorous opposition to the re-election of a leading member of Lord PALMERSTON'S Administration. We do Lord DERBY the common justice to believe that he has in no way authorized the present vindictive proceeding. On the contrary, he seems disposed to take the wise, patriotic, and truly Conservative course of recommending his party generally to give the new Government its support in all things consistent with Conservative principles, and thereby to lend weight to the Conservative elements of the Cabinet. But the names of the late HOME SECRETARY and the late JUDGE-ADVOCATE, not to mention smaller fry of the late Government, appear in Lord CHANDOS' Committee. We cannot help thinking that these gentlemen ought either to repudiate their leader's declaration or to redeem it. What are a leader's words worth, if his chief followers may immediately act as though they had never been spoken?

The fact that Mr. GLADSTONE'S opponents have been driven to select such a candidate as Lord CHANDOS proves in itself that the opposition is not justified in the eyes of men of high repute and standing. Two such men, we believe, were applied to, and both peremptorily declined. Lord CHANDOS is a man of great private worth and businesslike habits; but his sense and modesty must have been under a temporary eclipse when he allowed himself to be put forward as a candidate for the representation of a great intellectual constituency against a man of genius—a man of genius who has served Church and State in the highest offices, and with splendid distinction, through a public life begun so early that it is already long. Not only did this step on the part of his Lordship show a want of sense and modesty, but it also showed a want of the better kind of pride. He must be aware that he is not brought forward because anybody thinks him worthy to be member for Oxford, but merely as a stick to beat another man with, and a stalking-horse for Derbyite revenge. His very obscurity is his greatest recommendation in the eyes of those who bring him forward; for a man who had played any part in public life would infallibly have done something to offend one of the discordant sections of Mr. GLADSTONE'S enemies, all of which are content to unite in support of a titled cypher. A man who will accept distinction on such terms is not an aspirant to a very lofty kind of honour. Lord CHANDOS ought to be a little more kind to the errors and failures, great though they may be, of a man who at least means nobly and has aimed high. If his Lordship had aimed as high as Mr. GLADSTONE, he would perhaps have erred and failed at least as often, and have equally incurred the unmitigated reprobation of narrow and inferior minds. It was by soaring near the sun that Icarus met his fall—he would have been safe from Mr. MANSEL'S withering strictures if he had remained safe and unknown in the board-room of the North-Western Railway. We criticise, rightly and necessarily, the aberrations of genius and high ambition; but every generous heart must be revolted, and every generous heart at Oxford is revolted, when it is proposed to take from genius and high ambition the prize for which they have at least worthily contended, and transfer it to a Marquis of CHANDOS. We recommend the Marquis to turn to the concluding passage of Lord MACAULAY'S Essay on Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. TEMPLE was an unimpeachable mediocrity—a man in whom everybody acquiesced, against whom nobody had a word to say. "But," says the great Essayist, "we must own that he seems to us to sink into littleness and meanness when we compare him, we do not say with any high ideal standard of morality, but with many of those frail men who, aiming at noble ends, but often drawn from the right path by strong passions and strong temptations, have left to posterity a doubtful and chequered fame." A doubtful and chequered fame Mr. GLADSTONE will assuredly leave; but he will leave a fame bright enough to gibbet the ungenerous presumption of his obscure opponent when his own faults are buried in a great man's grave.

THE NEW MINISTERS AND THE NAVY.

IT is a common saying that we do not know the value of our friends until we have lost them. The change of Ministry will probably give occasion for few sentimental regrets on this score; but there is one department which, at the present juncture, is beyond comparison the most important of all, and in which it is by no means certain that the new Administration will bring with it an increase of efficiency

and energy. We have often had occasion to complain that the boasted exertions of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, considerable as they were, did not fully come up to the demands of the most serious crisis which has threatened our maritime ascendancy for centuries. But it is only common justice to admit that the late First Lord exhibited a sense of his responsibilities which was something quite new in the annals of the Admiralty. Compared with almost any of his predecessors, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is fairly entitled to the first place; but a victory over sluggishness and incapacity is not much to boast of, and there is ample scope left for greater activity and increased success in the administration of our long-neglected Dockyards. It is admitted on all hands that the stability of the Ministry depends almost exclusively on the success which may attend its foreign policy; and it cannot too often be repeated that our diplomacy can neither be effectual nor dignified until we shall be in possession of a fleet strong enough, in the event of a rupture, to blockade the ports of every hostile country. If we are to maintain our neutrality without weak concessions which will serve only to sacrifice the honour of the country without averting the ultimate calamity of war, it is essential that Ministers should be able to speak plainly and act boldly, without being haunted by the dread of a hostile combination powerful enough to cripple the foreign trade which alone can supply us with the sinews of war. At this moment, our millions of tons of commercial shipping may be regarded as so many hostages in the power of those who may, we know not how soon, declare themselves our foes. If any doubts existed as to the complicity of Russia with the designs of the Emperor NAPOLEON, whatever they may be, they have been dissipated by the haughty threat which has been launched from St. Petersburg against the neutral German Powers. The accession of Prussia and the minor States of Germany to the cause of Austria is, perhaps, not far distant; and from the instant when war is declared on the banks of the Rhine, the vast fleets of France and Russia will be openly combined as a menace to Europe, and, above all, to England. A convenient dispute with the Pasha of EGYPT is already set on foot through the instrumentality of that very troublesome speculator, M. LESSERS; the inevitable Perin canard is once more reproduced; and the amazing cordiality with which the Porte affects to welcome the Grand-Duke CONSTANTINE affords anything but an assurance that Turkey will be suffered to preserve an attitude of neutrality. The cause which was thought to justify the Russian war cannot fail to call forth energetic protests even from the most Gallicizing Minister; and Lord PALMERSTON, who risked the renewal of hostilities after the Peace of Paris for the sake of the Isle of Serpents, can scarcely acquiesce in silence should a scheme be proclaimed for revolutionizing Europe at once upon the Rhine and the Dardanelles.

It may be that the great game which the Germans attribute to the confederate Emperors will be resigned or postponed as too hazardous to be attempted now; but no one can say that the contingency is impossible, and few will doubt that its execution or abandonment will mainly depend on the attitude which England may assume, and the force with which she may be able to back her remonstrances. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON lately referred, with much complacency, to the fact that he had received from his predecessors twenty-six ships of the line, and had handed over to his successors a fleet of forty vessels. But what can forty ships avail against the sixty or seventy which, at the lowest computation, France and Russia will be able to bring into line? Let it be conceded that, with the aid of our powerful force of sloops and gun-boats, we might manage to protect our coasts from invasion and relieve the volunteers from the necessity of trying their skill in actual service. But if this could be done at all in the not impossible event of a war with France and Russia, it would only be by gathering our whole navy for the defence of our own shores; and what would become then of the fleets which bring home the produce of the East, of our cotton and corn ships which cover the Atlantic, and of the Australian gold-ships, which offer a more tempting prize than the Spanish galleons which in old times were brought into the ports of England? Even if we could spare from the Channel frigates and sloops enough to make reprisals on the enemy, we should not fall in with one ship for ten that we should lose. Our commerce has outgrown the sort of half protection which can be given in a war of captures and recaptures, and the only condition on which England can brave the displeasure of a

foreign Power is, that she should be in a position to seal up every hostile port as Cronstadt and Sweaborg were sealed up during the Russian war. To attend to this measure of power is the task which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON commenced, and which it falls to the Duke of SOMERSET to complete. It is scarcely conceivable that he will meet with any serious opposition from the more influential members of the Cabinet. Lord PALMERSTON either entertains, or at least assumes, more confidence in the assurances of the monarch whose empire is peace and whose policy is war than is felt by Englishmen who have not been invited to Compiègne; but while France is turning out flat-bottomed boats by hundreds, and adding each week to her naval strength, and while Russia is importing from this country unexampled supplies of steam machinery with which to fit out what may soon be a hostile fleet, an English Minister will scarcely be restrained by complaisance from making at least corresponding additions to the English navy.

If the rumour to which Sir CHARLES NAPIER gave currency in the House is to be relied on, Mr. GLADSTONE has already declared himself shocked at the prodigal expenditure of the late Ministry, and determined to effect important reductions; but he will find abundant scope for economy in the Miscellaneous Estimates which he delights to attack, without sacrificing the safety of the country to ill-timed parsimony. The heaviest Income-tax which could be required to complete the formation of a respectable fleet would be a more popular measure than a reduction in the outlay which time and circumstances have rendered necessary in the dockyards. Mr. GLADSTONE may feel himself hampered by his acknowledgment, in 1853, that he saw no alternative except the abolition of the Income-tax in 1860 and its reconstruction on a more equitable footing; but if this source of income cannot be dispensed with, there is no statesman more competent to justify the tax where it is fair, and to correct it where it is unequal, than the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who first appreciated the fact that a Succession-duty furnished the true compensation for the unequal pressure of Schedule D. Neither the amount nor the incidence of direct taxation are matters of sufficient gravity to outweigh the importance of maintaining our defences in a condition adequate for every possible emergency. The very last expenditure which a man in difficulties thinks of retrenching is that which he pays for insurance; and England is certainly not so hard pressed for ways and means as to be content to save a small percentage of the national outlay by starving the navy, which forms her chief insurance against the perils and the losses of war. The resistance which Mr. CORBEN, if he accepts the office for which he has been designated, will offer to the needful expenditure for military purposes, will probably not influence the counsels of the Ministry to any appreciable extent; and it can scarcely be doubted that if the Duke of SOMERSET possesses the administrative powers which are said to justify his appointment, he will have sufficient weight in the Cabinet to secure the efficient prosecution of our naval preparations.

Some of the indications which have been given during the last week are not reassuring. While the accounts from France report that four more liners have been put into commission, and further levies demanded from the mercantile marine, the most significant item in our own naval intelligence is an Admiralty order for the discontinuance of extra labour. The system of keeping shipwrights and labourers at work after the close of the ordinary day's labour is not an economical one, and might be advantageously replaced during the long days of summer by putting two relays of men upon every vessel. But it may be difficult to obtain hands enough for this; and if working overtime does not save money, it saves what is now of much greater importance—time. The leisurely production of half a dozen ships a-year would perhaps be the cheapest method of increasing the fleet; but as that would certainly not suffice to keep pace with the French dockyards, and still less to make up the leeway lost by years of apathy, there is no choice left but to press on the work of creating an adequate fleet by such means as the brief interval which may be available leaves at our command. If the Duke of SOMERSET desires to reduce the expenditure of his department without impairing the efficiency of the navy, he has only to act upon the principles avowed by his Secretary, and subject the management of the dockyards to a thorough supervision. The necessity for introducing a more economical system is second only to that of adding to our naval strength. But it must never be forgotten that efficiency is the first requirement, and economy the second; and a First Lord

who, for the sake of reducing the estimates, is content to limit his power of adding ships to the fleet, will do more to imperil the existence of the Government of which he is a member than could be done by the grossest blunders in foreign or domestic policy, or by the most unpalatable taxation which any Chancellor of the Exchequer was ever compelled to impose. As a mere matter of party tactics, the development of the navy is as essential to the interests of the Government as it is important for the security of the country; and little as the past history of the Admiralty justifies reliance on the judicious patriotism of its chiefs, we cannot easily believe that Lord PALMERSTON will expose his Administration to attack in the department on which the late Government founded their largest claims to popular approval. In the present temper of the country, and we believe also of the House of Commons, it is certain that a Cabinet which neglects the navy will very soon be relieved from the responsibilities of maintaining the defences of the country in the face of European convulsions and imperial plots. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON almost saved his colleagues by the moderate performances of which so much political capital was made. The Duke of SOMERSET will soon sacrifice the Cabinet to which he belongs unless he can distinguish himself by some greater display of zeal than is promised by his first interference with the activity of the dockyards. Parsimony in this department would be sheer madness; and notwithstanding the ominous rumours which prevail, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Ministers who have just clutched the reins of power intend to use their victory to dishonour and imperil the country which has, perhaps unwisely, placed its destinies in their hands.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

CALL no man happy before his death; and call no statesman lost before the grave or the House of Lords has consigned him to a political euthanasia or to eternal reprobation. We wish to point out that the book of fate has not yet closed upon Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and that the page is still open upon which his character has to be written. Between the stirrup and the ground there may be room for a political, as well as spiritual, new birth. Not only his own final reputation, but the existence of the present Government, may be said to depend upon his single conduct. We are anxious—not so much in the interest of the new Ministry as in that of the constitutional theory which has never been subjected to a more severe trial than in the present Parliamentary dead-lock—to point out how much turns upon that loyalty to his comrades and that abnegation of self which the country now demands, though few expect, from Lord JOHN RUSSELL. It is undeniable that the future hangs heavily and ominously upon him, and that his entrance into the Cabinet subjects that future to the gravest apprehensions, if not suspicions. Both the weakness of the Ministry and the strength of the Opposition are concentrated in him. All men's eyes turn to the *âme damnée*—the restless harbinger of wreck and storm in the Cabinet. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has the difficult task of refuting the malicious prophecies of the Conservative party, while he has to attract, at the close of a long political career, that confidence which his life has done everything to prevent. It is not with any sinister intentions towards the Ministers that we remind the FOREIGN SECRETARY that he has before him the double difficulty of retrieving himself and of creating a reputation—that is, of creating a reputation which will stand the test of history, for his actual reputation rests on the shallowest grounds. It would perhaps be impossible to review the political career of any distinguished man in recent English history which has so little of substantial and constructive success to show as the statesmanship of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Always powerful in destruction and in decomposition, his character is not a chemical agency strong in the healthier work of combination. His fame is based upon the Reform Bill, to which he succeeded as the traditional heir by the mere accident of being a RUSSELL; but the measure itself was Lord GREY's and Lord BROUGHAM's, and an impartial posterity will recall the fact that, in Lord ABERDEEN's Government, Lord JOHN RUSSELL contributed only a half-hearted support to the cause of Reform, ending with a conventional funeral howl at the premature death of a promising measure which was no child of his. By the accident of birth, and as the mouthpiece and retailer of the old saws of orthodox Whiggery, he has preached dull maxims to his party till outraged human nature rebelled against the weak tyranny

of commonplace and second-hand morality, and he has had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing Whiggism expire under his leadership. He found it strong—he now represents it in the last stage of impotent decay. It was a party—it is a Camarilla. His Premiership is only remarkable for the fact that it died out of absolute atrophy and inanition. His Cabinet had the inglorious fate of yielding itself to death simply because it had no life in it; and his shrivelling party has been kept together only because it consists of elements gradually diminishing in numbers, but each separately too insignificant and too deficient in solidity to be attracted by the more powerful organizations of the State.

Such is the personal political strength of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Add to this the suspicions of which he is unfortunately the centre. He has contrived to array against him interests and men, not perhaps of the very highest influence, but whose distrust in combination is always formidable, and may be fatal. Against the Roman Catholics he has committed the unpardonable sin. Much may be forgiven to the exigencies of self-preservation; but the author of the Durham Letter contrived, by one and the same ingenious process, to insult a susceptible religionism, to abandon the traditional policy of conciliation in Ireland, and to commit the grave political error of enacting an impotent legislative bravado which has been a dead letter from the hour at which it was inscribed in the Statutes at Large. It was not every one who could have wronged the Roman Catholics, alienated the old-fashioned Churchmen, and cast his party maxims to the wind by a single stroke of statesmanship. It was all but genius to commit so grand a folly. And to have done all this in the most offensive way was an achievement which marks the man rather than the Minister. Injustice may be condoned for the splendour of success; but a foolish and abortive injustice betrays the impotent tyrant.

The Reform Bill and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill are Lord JOHN RUSSELL's most definite contributions to practical statesmanship. They afford but a scanty foundation on which to rear the temple of fame; and, moreover, of these two measures the one was not his own, while the other is the acknowledged blunder of recent history. We turn to other matters which have made him famous. We have seen that he inherited a personal connexion with a cause which he found a power and has left a shadow, and that he has, in some forty years of public life, carried two measures, for one of which he received more credit than he deserved, while the other has brought on him severe and merited discredit. The remaining point in his character is that he has been faithless to every colleague in turn. At the present moment it is in everybody's mouth that Lord JOHN must upset the coach. It is not for nothing that any man acquires a proverbial reputation. The common judgment is generally extravagant; but it is also, generally speaking, substantially true. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has earned the character which is broadly and coarsely assigned to him. He is a personal rival of Lord PALMERSTON; and the negotiations preceding the formation of the present Ministry, and so unluckily revealed by the indiscreet Earl Bramble, show that the old jealousy survives. Wrongs such as the two chiefs have dealt each other require a temper very different from Lord JOHN RUSSELL's to get over. ETEOCLES and POLYNICES can only patch up an understanding. Nor is it to Lord PALMERSTON alone that Lord JOHN RUSSELL has displayed personal vindictiveness. He has deserted his friends as well as tripped up his enemy's heels. He abandoned the ABERDEEN Government because he had not the courage—we had nearly said the honour—to defend measures for every one of which he was personally as well as constitutionally responsible. The sum and substance of his dealings with his colleagues is, that he has picked quarrels with them on trivial grounds, to the great danger of the public service, but to the intense gratification of his private temper—that he has abandoned them when chivalry and honour would have demanded, if not fidelity, at least a frank and confidential avowal of grounds of difference—and still worse, that he has not disdained to strike up an alliance with the Opposition when his personal interests could be served. He has played fast and loose with the Appropriation Clause, with the Irish Arms Bill, with the Corn Duty, with the India Bill, with Church Rates, with the Ballot. He has alienated friends, and has not conciliated enemies; he can only be depended upon to destroy; and the landmarks of his life are the wrecks to which he has contributed by boring holes in the bottom of every ship in which he was rated. If he seems to yield to

popular demands, it is only to disappoint them—if he takes his stand on principles, it is only to disavow them.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL is now at the Foreign Office. An enemy would say that he has fallen into that particular place only to complete the cycle of his official opportunities and failures; for his small *étourderie* at Vienna scarcely rose to the level of a memorable misadventure. We can only remind the new Foreign Minister that his unacquaintance with Continental languages and feelings, and his newness to the subtle meshes of European politics, place him at a disadvantage with the experienced diplomacy of Austria, the wily craft of St. Petersburg, and the insolent mendacity of Paris. There is, however, this advantage even in his educational deficiencies for the Foreign Office—that, if he will act in simple good faith, he can scarcely go wrong. Ignorant of the languages, he may also show himself indifferent to the chicanery of professed diplomats. All that he has to do is to develop his gifts, which are not contemptible, in the way of universal mistrust. England cannot at this moment do better than be suspicious on the right hand and on the left. If the war is to be speedily terminated, it will require a master hand to reconstruct the ruined fabric of 1815; while if, as seems more probable, our real danger is from a Russo-Gallic alliance against Central Europe, it will be a disadvantage to the present Government that it is at least suspected of unpopular sympathies with the French Emperor. The future of England under this political condition is one which might task even the most experienced of politicians. Lord JOHN RUSSELL will at least do well to remember that if he has been consistently faithful to anything, it is to the echoes of 1688, and that Revolution principles, when they came to work, developed themselves in a constant resistance to French ambition.

With all these untoward antecedents, we still say that a noble future is open to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. It is a glory reserved only to the greatest minds to rise, as septuagenarians, superior to themselves. *Hostium victor et sui* is the best epitaph for a statesman, and one which only heroes have ever deserved. It would be a great crowning glory to a doubtful life to disappoint general suspicions, to attract a confidence which is universally withheld, to develop new and unsuspected powers under the most difficult circumstances, and, in a crisis at home and abroad, to show that responsibility has, at the eleventh hour, taught the virtues, not suddenly acquired, of meekness, self-negation, and loyalty. Here is Lord JOHN RUSSELL's last chance. He owes much to his country, to his colleagues, to his enemies, and, above all, to himself. He has unquestionably the power—and if we were only to judge from his antecedents, we should say he has the will—to do mischief for the last time on the very grandest scale, involving consequences more disastrous to his country, and, indeed, to the human race, than could have come of any of the petty and selfish intrigues in which his long life has been spent. It is his to falsify expectations which are unfortunately too general to be disregarded.

SIR C. WOOD AT THE INDIA BOARD.

THE distribution of offices among the members of the new Cabinet has been so capricious that it would be idle to speculate on the influences which placed Sir CHARLES WOOD at the head of the Indian department. The general reluctance to undertake the task of reducing Indian affairs into order may have left Sir CHARLES WOOD no other choice, but it is an unusual and rather ominous circumstance that a position of extraordinary difficulty should have had such slight attractions. Whatever faults may be ascribed to the members of the governing classes, either of the Whig or Tory parties, indolence and timidity are seldom among them, and the post of difficulty is almost always sought after as eagerly as soldiers court the post of danger and honour. To any man of statesmanlike genius the administration of Indian affairs offers freer scope than any other department of public business, and if the chances of failure are considerable, this must always be the case in any position in which honour is to be won. The Indian Secretary is necessarily less dependent on his colleagues than almost any other member of the Cabinet. Backed by the authority of his Council, and aided by the obscurity in which Indian affairs are still involved, he may rule his empire with something like autocratic sway. If the immediate prospect is sufficiently gloomy, there is the more glory to be won by retrieving the errors of previous administrations, and tracking a path through the formidable entanglements with which the Government of India is em-

barrased. And there is this enormous advantage, that the exceptional character of the present crisis leaves a Minister untrammelled by the official maxims in which the experience of the past is supposed to be concentrated. There is no time when a really able administrator would so gladly seize the helm as at the commencement of a new era, when old systems and connexions are broken up, and the materials lie ready for the hand of the man who is capable of building them up into a firm and lasting edifice. It is some additional advantage that any success which Sir C. Wood may achieve will not be dimmed by the splendour of his predecessor's rule. Up to the time when the mutiny was finally put down, and the Queen's Government established in India, Lord STANLEY had acquitted himself with more than common credit; but his feeble attempts to deal with the financial crisis which has supervened have left the whole honour of re-establishing the prosperity of India to be reaped by his successors. But if the opportunity is a grand one for a great statesman, it is full of peril for a mere party politician. Sir CHARLES WOOD has had experience both in Indian affairs and in financial business, but the cautious policy which is the best recommendation of an English financier will not suffice for an emergency like that which threatens India, and the traditions of the Board of Control will furnish no formula at all applicable to present circumstances. There is no stereotyped Whig policy on the subject to guide the Minister's steps; and the dark hints of Sir ROBERT PEELE, to which recent events have given so much significance, will perhaps be treated with the contempt which a thorough Whig is bound to feel for a statesman who was not authenticated by the brand of the party.

It is one thing in Sir CHARLES WOOD's favour that he enters upon his office without having irrevocably committed himself to any definite course. He is free to form his policy on the leading questions of Indian finance, which will be the first to thrust themselves upon his attention. The respite of a month or two, which was gained by the remittance to Calcutta of 3,000,000*l.* of bullion, will soon expire, and the embarrassments of the new financial year will have to be met by some definite and consistent plan of action. The most recent telegram from India reported the entire failure which has, up to the present time, attended the last attempt to raise money in India. The loan which has been opened nominally at 5½ but really at 6 per cent., seems as yet to have brought in a mere trifle to the Treasury, and as it has already fallen to a discount of 6 per cent., the 5,000,000*l.* which it was hoped the operation would produce will probably figure in some not very remote statement of the Indian Secretary as a further addition to the loan which will have to be contracted here. The chances of increasing the revenue have not been improved by the delay in imposing the succession duty, from which so much was expected. Time has been given to the wealthier natives to nurse their discontent at the prospect of taxation, from which they have hitherto been almost entirely exempt; and the murmurs with which any new impost will be received will probably be louder and deeper than if the Government had acted with the same promptitude which it displayed in loading the English residents with additional burdens.

It will not be possible to stave off much longer a final decision on the method to be adopted for raising Indian loans, and the devices to be tried for the purpose of compelling the native capitalists to contribute a fair proportion of the taxation of the country. The vital question of public works cannot long remain in its present ambiguous phase. Either the principle or the practice must give way; for while it is the common theory of all parties that the material development of the soil affords the only hope of making India pay its own expenses, the most promising undertakings have been suspended by the Government from the impossibility of obtaining the means to carry them on to completion. This impossibility can only be removed by the aid which Parliament has not yet discovered to be an inevitable condition of the retention of the QUEEN's dominions in the East; and any Minister who hopes to gain renown from his Indian policy must begin by frankly accepting a necessity which cannot be escaped. New taxation, public works, and guaranteed loans, are the three keys of the Indian difficulty which, by some means or other, Sir CHARLES WOOD must contrive to master. The great Micawber policy of waiting for something to turn up has occasionally saved despairing statesmen from serious difficulties; but the Indian disease is too near its crisis

to be subdued by such temporizing treatment, and to continue Lord STANLEY's negative financial policy would be simply letting India drift into bankruptcy without an effort to save the empire whose recovery has cost us so dear. Brief as the session must be, and occupied, too, in all probability, with more exciting matters, Sir CHARLES WOOD will, we hope, find an opportunity to declare in explicit terms the policy on which he proposes to conduct the administration of India. A large and comprehensive programme is not precisely what Sir CHARLES WOOD's antecedents would encourage one to expect. But the grandeur of the position, and the stimulus of difficulties which are only not insuperable, may possibly raise Whig cleverness to something like statesmanlike genius; or, if this seem too audacious a hope, there is still the possibility that events may control those who ought to control them, and force upon the country the vigorous policy which courage and prudence equally recommend.

ENGLAND IN JUNE.

WE have often heard what it is that strikes foreigners as peculiarly English in the scenery of England. Sir Walter Scott has put it all in the few lines in which he compares the scenery of the two sides of the Border, and proclaims, with the license of poetry, that the Scot prefers staying at home. The hedgerows, the old trees, the bright gardens, the smiling rich meadows form a landscape dotted with ancient churches and white houses, the whole rich, well-established, peaceful, and constituting the England which is as nought when contrasted with the "range of dark Lochaber and grey Ben Nevis." Ever since England settled into her social shape and moulded her material aspect to a general conformity, this aspect of the country has been the typical one. And its charms are at their prime at Midsummer. What we mean—and what Chaucer and Shakespeare meant—by English scenery is in its full beauty and at its fullest height of perfection in the latter half of June. All old English poetry, all the poetry that is most indisputably national, dwells on those features of English scenery which are seen to most advantage in June as the features are sure to be most attractive to all readers. It is very natural that this should have been so. The modern taste for wildness was then unknown, because to be in a wild place meant to be in a place of personal danger. The languor of autumnal decay is only pleasing to the mind that is "good but remorseful"—to the sensitiveness of an age that when it meditates is conscious of its meditations. England was loved and admired by its early poets, dumb or speaking, because it seemed to them to possess, beyond all lands they had ever heard of, certain qualities; and the most prominent of these were a look of seeming security, greenness, thickness of foliage, and variety of vegetable growth. These are the qualities of scenery that recur again and again in Shakespeare as the most desirable qualities. All these are at their best at this time of year. We may add, that almost all the old English flowers blossomed at Midsummer, as we may see by the list put into Perdita's mouth in the *Winter's Tale*. The art of carrying the richest gaiety of the flower border to the point of earliest autumn is quite modern. In old times, after June was over the prime of the year was gone.

So far, therefore, as distant generations are connected by looking on the same outward scenes, and looking on them as their own possessions, the Englishman of the present day is brought most closely into union with his forefathers of the days of Elizabeth by surveying his country as she shows herself at the present moment. As he walks or rides through any of the more highly cultivated and unambitious of the English counties, and notices the hedges thick and impenetrable, and covered over with wild roses and honeysuckle—the trees in rows, telling off one ancient plot from another—lanes that shoot off at every angle from the main path, and followed exactly the same direction long before Shakespeare was born—the cottage-gardens bright with tall straggling plants in blossom—the hay in the meadows—the deer, the cattle, and the sheep in the parks and lawns—he knows exactly what England looked like at its merriest, in the days when it was first called merry. And no one who looks on such a landscape can fail to be struck with a certain congruity between it and a large portion of the English character—a character not sublime, but rich, joyous, and confident. It is a very curious process to ask ourselves what are the qualities we consider peculiarly English. The notion of an Englishman, apart from century, or rank, or age, includes among its more obvious characteristics a liking for the open air, hard exercise, beer and solid meat, a kind of genial, broad-bottomed mirth, a tendency to accept existing facts, a love of personal independence, and an honourable desire to make a good thing out of the present life. We might add many other qualities, but they run into the same groove. There is a whole that makes up the jolly Englishman, corresponding with the merry England in which he lives. There are, of course, few Englishmen in real life at all good specimens of the type, just as the bright, lovely days of the end of June are soon over. But this is the kind of character to which Englishmen cling as most representative of themselves. They may think that personally they improve on the type, but they would be very sorry if it were

not there. This is the image they have set up before themselves of all English excellence that can be seen on the surface.

In the classes where a liberty of choice exists, and at the time of life when the most entire freedom is possible, this midsummer side of English character is that which fascinates and animates the great majority of men. The rich and the young follow the model which is set them by the typical Englishman—the man of strong limbs, and ready laughter, and a lively remembrance of that “poor creature small beer.” Even when the body refuses to assist in carrying out into reality the dream that floats before the mind, and weakness of muscle and stomach make sport and beer impossible, the standard of excellence remains the same, and the weak man rejoices as much as the strong in living in the country of John Bull. This feeling is kept alive by a persuasion that the peculiar combination of physical and mental qualities prized so highly has, as a matter of fact, been the principal cause of the success of England. She has tried its merits in a thousand fields, and they have scarcely ever failed her. It is this mixture of character that makes Englishmen hold their own everywhere, sends them off to the end of the world, and inspires them with content while performing the most arduous, dull, and useless tasks. The Midsummer character also captivates the imagination by the union which it creates between men of different ranks. The jolly squire is at ease with the jolly farmer, and the rich and the poor are brought together at a hundred points by their common love of outdoor exercise. If it were not for this bond, there would be no bond between rich and poor, or scarcely any discernible. The poor and the rich are more marked off into two nations in England than in any country under the sun. Religion has a very slight discernible effect in uniting them, nor is it easy to see how this could be otherwise. It makes them anxious to do their duty to each other, but it does not break down the wall of separation that exists between them. Nor have mutual services the effect, in general, of bringing them together and removing the veil of proud shyness that hides them from each other. But in the sports of the field, and even in the common task of cultivating the land, they are put on a footing which makes them remember that they have the same national character belonging to them. No wonder, therefore, that at a period when the world becomes more and more conscious of the processes by which it is carried on, and more inclined to analyse its own constituent elements, this broad, superficial, happy strength of Englishmen—this well-ordered abundance, this richness in temporal goods and determination to enjoy them—which awakened feelings harmonizing so well with the scenery of an English June, should have been made the theme of endless praise, should be sung as the great glory of the land, and have been raised by writers of fiction to the level of heroic excellence.

There is also what may be termed a Midsummer side of English literature. Most persons who have any habits of theological reading know the sensation with which they occasionally turn from disquisitions on subjects that take them on the high flight to things beyond the grave and beyond the knowledge of men, and change to the perusal of a certain class of books which bring men and this world vividly before them. The sensation is much more pleasant because more harmonious when there is nothing in the book to which they turn of a kind to jar on the feelings awakened by their preceding studies, and when human life and human interests are represented on their better side. It is then that the reader experiences a sort of subdued internal warmth—a sense of getting back to something sheltered, safe, and yet gay and joyful—which is truly delightful while it lasts, although the delight may be a sign of the weakness of mortality. Let a reader, for instance, of Butler's *Analogy* turn when he is tired to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. He seems to have got out of a vast field of danger and strife into the prettiest, warmest little haven that he could wish for. The literature that, without being wrong, is thus delightful, because it is intensely human and connected with man as he is on earth—a mixed, queer creature, laughing and crying by turns—is one in which England is exceedingly rich, and the characteristics of this literature exactly range with those of English scenery in its summer prime, and with those of the jovial side of English character. In spite of the many changes which England has gone through since the days of Shakspeare, the spirit in which he wrote, when he looked at man's life from its cheerful aspect, has never disappeared from this country. There belong to every succeeding century many writers to whom we can turn to produce in us the same sense of rich, warm life, which he seems to have drunk in from Warwickshire Junes, and to have poured through all his writings. The great Puritan movement, powerfully as it has affected English thought, and strongly as it is opposed to the appreciation of the grandeur and the fulness of man's temporal existence, never broke the stream of feeling which runs in a channel too broad to be easily stopped towards a relish for all in the varied life of man that is analogous to the peculiar beauty of nature in England. The only considerable poet of Puritanism in latter days, although to the gloom of his creed was added a private melancholy and madness, is the very person who more than any other has connected the notions of recreation with the ordinary aspect of English scenery at its best. Cowper was well aware of the time when this best look of English scenery is put on. A person, indeed, who has the misfortune to live on the banks of the Ouse has not much choice. It is only in summer that he can think that poplars are a “cool colonnade,” or can ramble with Catherinas and Marias to hear the nightingales.

As we look on the loveliness of an English June, and remember how it has stirred the hearts of the greatest English poets, and how it is linked with the brighter character of Englishmen and the homely genial warmth of English literature, we are almost tempted to do more than justice to the qualities that seem to be most congruous to it. It is natural in moments of easy good humour, to overrate the value of a jovial, kindly, prosperous independence. The superficial English excellence does not satisfy the whole heart of an Englishman. We are not now speaking of the virtues or feelings which belong to the kingdom of Heaven; but, looking only to the standard of human and national excellence, it does not satisfy us that we should merely have the mirth, the memory for small beer, and the courage of Prince Hal—just as the scenery of June, if it is thoroughly to please, must possess for us some other quality than it can have merely as a phase of external nature. It is worth noticing that the compliments which Shakspeare finds to meet the shortcoming of the Midsummer character and the Midsummer scenery are exactly the same. If we read his description of England, especially the verses spoken by Gaunt, we see that it is not only a certain amount of external beauty that impressed itself on his mind, but also the presence of the evident traces of law and of a great settled polity. Through the love of scenery in Shakspeare, as in many other English poets, there shines a sense of the greatness of the deeds and the majesty of the principles which the existence of a landscape, secure, cultivated, and peaceful, implies. And, in the same way, the salt of English character is always painted as lying, not in the men of great joviality, and great courage, and kindly sympathies, but in the men who feel and help to increase the greatness of England—who are capable of great deeds, of enduring great trials, and of comprehending great principles. In the person of Henry V. Shakspeare has embodied what he seems to have considered the excellences of English character. The Prince is the boon companion of Poins and Falstaff, and the victor of Hotspur; but he is also capable, when King, of upholding, by his greatness of mind and constancy of purpose, the sinking courage of an army. It is only fair to remember that the summer geniality of English character has something tougher and nobler behind it.

THE TIMES AND THE WAR.

THE *Saturday Review* has often been reproached with having no definite policy, and being attached to no political party. How far this reproach is true is a question which need not at present be discussed. Whether, if it were true, the charge would be of any sort of importance, is a matter upon which the tone adopted by the *Times* in reference to the war in Italy may throw considerable light. It seems, and always has seemed to us, a matter of very high importance that there should be at least one organ through which intelligent men might express their independent opinions upon public affairs, without being obliged to promote the views of this or that particular clique of members of Parliament. Hardly any spectacle can be more mortifying than that of a newspaper which, in deference to the prejudices of a Minister, acts an ungenerous part towards those whose cause on every other ground it should treat, if not with favour, at least with respect and generosity. We need not repeat on the present occasion what we have so often said of Lord Palmerston's subserviency to France; but the way in which that feeling on his part is reflected in the columns of the *Times* as soon as he returns to power, is to us very offensive. In an article which appeared about a week ago, the Austrians were plainly told that English views of the war depended entirely on the success of the combatants, and that, as they had been beaten, they had better submit and give no more trouble. Louis Napoleon was so very strong that it was no use to try to resist him; and it was due to Europe and themselves to leave Lombardy quietly, and make peace on any terms which the Emperor might choose to grant. So long as Lord Palmerston's policy could be advanced, the degradation of an ancient and powerful nation, and the risk of intoxicating with success the vainest and most insolent of all European Powers, appeared mere dust in the balance to the principal exponent of the views and policy of Englishmen.

In the early part of the present week, a similar article appeared on a somewhat different topic. It was conceived in a tone of flattery towards the French, mixed with indiscriminate depreciation of the English army, which was very common during the Crimean war, and which, by bringing the military power of England into unmerited contempt on the Continent, powerfully contributed to diminish the guarantees by which the maintenance of European peace was secured, and so to bring about the state of affairs which at present creates such serious embarrassments. The new Secretary for War was told to go to the French, to consider their ways and be wise; and, in order to point this moral, the article was ingeniously contrived to strike at Austria on the one hand and at England on the other. The English could not march, the Austrians could not fight. The French could do both. The famous seven miles from Balaklava to the trenches had proved too much for all our resources. The French, without any accident or reverse, had marched an army for hundreds of miles through Piedmont and Lombardy. The English drill and discipline is modelled on that of the Germans. The French depend on *elan*, and do not care for dressing their ranks.

The Austrians are as brave as the French, and more robust, but this *élan* is too much for them. Let us take warning in time; let us throw overboard the traditions of the English army and imitate our French neighbours, who otherwise—such is the obvious inference—may soon become our conquerors.

We do not hesitate to say that such language as this is not only very unjust to the English army, but most ungenerous towards the Austrians, and especially and cruelly ungenerous at a time when the French are triumphant and the Austrians depressed. It is most unjust to our own army, for it implies an indiscriminate censure on all its qualities, except those which are shown in actual fighting; and it gives a pretty broad hint that, even in these, our troops have a great deal to learn from the French in respect to the mysterious gift of *élan*, which appears to be so largely developed by baggy trousers and loose order. It is hardly necessary to vindicate the reputation of the English army for every form of courage which mortal man can possess. The quality denoted by the word *élan*—which those who condescend to repeat French boastings are compelled to translate by the slang phrase “dash”—could hardly have been displayed more strikingly by any cavalry than by those who charged at Balaklava, or by any infantry than by those who stormed Delhi and the Secunderbagh, and drove the Russians from the heights of the Alma without the assistance of a friendly fleet employed in shelling them. Apart, however, from this, what conceivable ground is there for the assertion that an English army broke down in a march of seven miles, whilst the French accomplished several hundred without an effort and without an accident? In the first place, it is not true that the English army broke down in marching seven miles in the Crimea. They landed at Eupatoria, and they marched from thence to the south side of Sebastopol, which is much nearer seventy miles than seven, nor did they incur any particular loss or inconvenience in doing so. What is true is this—that whilst an army far too small for the duties which it was called upon to perform was encamped seven miles from the port at which its supplies were landed, the interval between the two being a space entirely destitute of anything like a road, great difficulty was found in supplying the camp, and great sufferings were entailed on the men by the want of supplies. Of course there was mismanagement in the matter. No one denies or wishes to deny it; but the difficulty lay, not in marching an army over seven miles of ground, but in conveying all the stores (including heavy artillery) required for a siege like that of Sebastopol, over seven miles of open heath with no roads on it which were not quagmires. What is it, on the other hand, that the French have performed on the present occasion? They have marched a large army for a considerable distance, in a friendly country, along the best roads, and through the most fertile districts in the world, having at their disposal a large fleet, and a whole system of railroads. We do not doubt they have done it very well; but it is the regular routine operation which the establishment of an immense army might naturally be expected to perform if it were in decent working order. If an English army had broken down in the attempt to march from Dover to Birmingham, the parallel would be a fair one; but as it is, it is much as if a man who had walked in ten days from Bristol to London were to taunt another who had made an unsuccessful attempt to ascend Mont Blanc with having failed to walk seven miles whilst he had walked 100. Whoever thinks that English armies cannot march should study the Indian campaigns. How did Lord Clyde get to Lucknow, and pacify Oude? It was certainly not by favour of either roads or railways.

We should, however, be glad to know what evidence we have that the French march has been such a miracle of good management. The Emperor telegraphs, says the *Times*, that his army, both in *morale* and *physique*, is in a perfectly satisfactory state. The *Times* has lately shown a degree of credulity in relation to the Emperor's declarations which to us is perfectly unintelligible. Will any living man undertake to show that any assignable relation whatever exists between his words and the truth? The Napoleonic Ideas were certainly not the archetypes of which all truth was but an expression. To “lie like a bulletin” is a proverb invented by, or rather forced upon, the last generation, and it has not lost its cogency in our own. The very same authority which assured us that the French army was in a perfect state, told us that they lost only 2000 men at Magenta, and that 15,000 Austrians were left on the field, besides 7000 prisoners. We do not mean to insinuate that the French commissariat has been mismanaged. We only deny that as yet it has done wonders. Indeed it has had no opportunity of doing them. It is an elaborate machine constructed with enormous labour and at enormous expense, performing its regular duties in a field eminently favourable for their due discharge. Since, however, allusions have been made to the Crimea, we cannot altogether forget that in the last year of the Crimean war the French army was almost entirely destroyed by scurvy and typhus fever, arising from insufficient supplies. If we wish to compare fairly the English and the French commissariat, the Indian mutiny should be compared with the Italian campaign, and the winter of 1854-5 in the Crimea with the winter of 1855-6.

It is of great importance to observe, both with respect to the management of the French troops and also with respect to their *élan*, that the evidence of newspaper correspondents on these subjects is unsatisfactory in the extreme. A visitor is always a favourable critic—as the *Times* correspondent at the Austrian head-

quarters sufficiently proves. When a man is hospitably received, when his presence is entirely a matter of favour, and when he is in the midst of a noisy, exciting, and probably very novel scene, it is absurd to suppose that he will be a perfectly impartial critic. How can such a witness tell what is unavoidable and what avoidable hardship, what is real excellence, and what is merely the routine performance of familiar duties? Nothing can be more probable than that the correspondent of the *Times* should write a flourishing account of the very transactions, civil or military, for which the parties concerned are being mercilessly snubbed by their official superiors. This remark applies with especial force to the evidence on which we are called upon to admire the French for their *élan*. When we read of the Turcos, who “bounded like tigers on their prey,” and the Zouaves, who “burst through the cloud of smoke with levelled bayonets,” we are always haunted by the vision of an English journalist in search of the picturesque, collecting the gossip of a set of soldiers who fight their battles the second time with even more intrepidity than the first. No one, of course, doubts that the French soldiers are very brave, but that is no reason at all for taking them at their own price. In real life, courage and swagger go together as often as other virtues are accompanied by other forms of vanity; and the French, who are certainly amongst the bravest soldiers in the world, are beyond all comparison the greatest boasters. So far, certainly, the Allies have got the better of the Austrians; but whether the *élan* of the French has had much to do with the result is altogether another question. It appears to us that the talents of the commanders have as yet done far more to decide the matter than the qualities of the soldiers. It is the rarest thing in the world for a battle to be decided by mere courage; and if we look at the great battles of the last war, we shall find that, except in cases like Marengo, in which the Austrians were outgeneralled, they were not defeated in that complete and decisive manner in which they would have been defeated if they had been greatly inferior to their antagonists in military qualities. At Aspern, the French were within a very little of a decisive defeat. At Wagram they won a victory which might have terminated the other way if the Archduke Charles had shown greater energy. However this may be, it is not an English practice to try to discourage the weaker party, or to grovel before the stronger, repeating his pet boasts, and flattering his vanity, even at the expense of our own army.

It may well be that our army stands in need of deep and searching reforms. If it does, they should be made at once, and in the most thorough manner, but let us acknowledge its merits warmly and generously, and do not let us assume that in a system where no complaints are allowed no defects are to be found.

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI.

“A GRAIN of experience is worth a pound of theory” is a very popular and perfectly undisputed proverb; and it is odd, therefore, that politics should be the only science in which men scarcely ever proceed by way of experiment. A man who should propose to cook an omelette on “great principles,” or apply “sound doctrines” to the cut of a coat, would be deemed worthy of one of Dr. Conolly's dangerous invitations. But when we are dealing with the construction of the systems on which the happiness of millions now living and of generations yet unborn of their successors is to depend, we think it quite beneath us to have recourse to the vulgar expedients of tasting and trying on. How many thorny controversies we might settle if we would only sacrifice one or two “vile bodies” for the purpose! If we could present Mr. Bright with an estate in Tipperary, with instructions to hold it on strict peace principles, and carefully withdrawing the police, we might arrive, when he came back, at a satisfactory agreement on the subject of disarmament. If universal suffrage and vote by ballot were established in St. Pancras, with permission to the voters to deal as they liked with the parish debt, we might come to a decision on the question of the compatibility of democracy with public faith. These are considerations which make us unwilling to regard the metropolitan boroughs as an unmitigated evil. They serve a very useful purpose in the Constitution—they are the “shadows cast before by the coming events” of lowered suffrage and enlarged constituencies. If any one wishes to know what is likely to be our fate if Mr. Bright succeeds in vestrifying the House of Commons, let him look at the present perplexities of the borough of Marylebone.

Marylebone is one of the most reputable of its disreputable class. It has a large respectable population, and if the parish of St. Pancras had not been ingeniously tacked on to it by Lord John Russell, it would possibly have a respectable majority. The election of Mr. Edwin James has produced a slight reaction. It is felt that, if things go on much longer at the present pace, Norton-street will have all the electoral privileges of the borough in its hands; and the more impartial portion of the constituency are willing to admit that though the public-house and casino interest is strong, yet it ought to be content with its present faithful representation. Accordingly, the constituency resolved to be fastidious. With a grand effort they leaped at one bound from the level of the distinguished Queen's Counsel to the moral elevation of Mr. Bernal

Osborne. It might be said that this was not an absolute abandonment of the "pet of the publican" system of selection. No doubt it was a compromise. Probably the men of Marylebone thought that Mr. Bernal Osborne constituted a point at which intellect and beer might kiss each other. It might still be objected that the selection savoured of joviality; but, at all events, it was a rise from the beer and 'bacey to the comic song. But Mr. Bernal Osborne refused to bend himself to the vestry yoke. Their success was no greater with Mr. Raikes Currie. And at last they have been obliged to put up with two renegade followers of Sir Robert Peel, who open their throats wide, like the elephant at the Zoological Gardens, prepared to swallow anything that any elector may be good enough to throw in.

Now, Marylebone is a model instance of one of Mr. Bright's boroughs. The rate of house-rent is so high as to bring the franchise within reach of much about the class who, under his Bill, would predominate in all ordinary constituencies. But Marylebone is precisely in the condition to which an unrestricted suffrage has brought America. There is something so filthy in the humiliation that a Marylebone candidate has to undergo that none but mere political adventurers will stand. Mr. Bernal Osborne is not generally supposed to be squeamish, and, among many sins that have been laid to his charge, no one has ventured to include undue fastidiousness. But he recoils from the dirty work which the electors call "attending to their interests." Mr. Raikes Currie is a man of very extreme opinions, and if mere political sympathy could recommend a candidate, Marylebone should be a safe seat for him. But he wholly declines a candidature which demands, in addition, a sympathy of taste and morals to which he will not stoop. And what is true of the candidates is also true of the voters. Out of the 21,000 who form the register only 10,000 recorded their votes in the animated contest which resulted in sending Mr. Edwin James to the House of Commons. The refined and educated population, who give to Marylebone the wealth of which its demagogues boast, who are the fountains of all its outward show of luxury and prosperity, hold themselves as much aloof from the filthy turmoil of borough politics as if they lived in New Orleans or New York. The publicans and their customers have fairly driven out the inhabitants of the stately streets and squares, extending from Portland-place to Westbourne, who are as destitute of political rights as Jews in modern Rome or plebeians under the early Consuls. Wealth, intellect, distinction, are all lost and buried in the mass of 101. householders. The pewter-pot alone remains supreme. This is the species of constituency which Mr. Bright wishes to extend.

By way of contrast, let us look at a specimen of the constituencies which Mr. Bright wishes to destroy. Some twenty miles north of Marylebone lies the little borough of Hertford. It is nobody's pocket borough, for it has been the scene of repeated contests of great spirit and varying fortune; nor has its purity, in recent times at least, been impeached. But its crime is that it is small, and therefore it has figured prominently in every schedule. Forgetting for a moment the arithmetical theory of government, let us look at the practical results. A Marylebone elector will learn to his surprise that the two representatives are men of neither of whom would it be a disgrace to an honourable man to be known to be the friend. But we may even go a little further. Sir Minto Farquhar, the Conservative member, is a country gentleman of high character, and a useful working man in the House of Commons. Mr. William Cowper, the Liberal member, is something more. He has held office under two Administrations, and enjoys great consideration among all persons who are concerned in undertakings of a religious or philanthropic character. But the word "representation" means something different in Hertford from what it does in Marylebone. Their politics being ascertained, Hertford imposes no further pledges on its members. But the large constituency—the pattern of that purity which, according to Mr. Bright, large constituencies are to restore—forces its candidate to pledge himself to restrict the powers of the Poor-law Board; in other words, to promise immunity for the misdeeds of the St. Pancras guardians, of whose treatment of the poor both police reports and Poor-law reports have made revelations which few of our readers can have forgotten. It is said that small constituencies job. Most jobs at worst only disappoint a better claimant, and infinitesimally obstruct the public service; but this colossal job, if carried out at all, would be carried out at the cost of unspeakable misery and suffering to hundreds of the poor. We have not selected Hertford as a model borough. It is no better than a fair average; and the mere mention of the name of Finsbury is enough to prove that, if Hertford is not the best, neither is Marylebone the worst. But a comparison of the two may make theorists pause, who are inclined to help Mr. Bright in turning the constituencies of England into a series of Marylebones.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

HAPPY is the editor of a country newspaper who has a firm conviction that there is a difference between Whig and Tory; and happy also are the circle of constant readers who share that conviction with him. A country newspaper cannot well exist, and still less flourish, unless party feeling be pretty

active in the district where it circulates; and although people will go on quarrelling for some time after all real difference between them has disappeared, still, in the absence of fresh excitement, there is a dangerous tendency towards unanimity, and consequent stagnation, in the provincial mind.

In the division which overthrew Lord Derby's Government, Mr. W. S. Lindsay gave a vote which in all probability would have forfeited his seat if a dissolution had been possible after, instead of before, he adopted this strange method of testifying his love of Liberalism. Of course, he undertakes to show that he had the very best of reasons for the vote he gave, and it must be owned that his explanation possesses a certain plausibility. Still it is lucky for Mr. Lindsay that a little time must pass before he can be again called upon to appear as a candidate at Sunderland. His arguments perhaps need mature consideration before the minds of the electors can be fully prepared to grasp them. Indeed he is a bold man who, either before or after a dissolution, ventures to propound, within the hearing of an ordinary constituency, the novel doctrine "that there is not much difference between a Tory and a Whig." We cannot wonder that the *Northern Daily Express*, reflecting the sentiments of Sunderland, should vigorously denounce this flagrant heresy—this obliteration of ancient landmarks, and undermining of the authority and circulation of country newspapers. It must however be confessed—strange as the avowal may appear at Sunderland—that people of an inquisitive turn of mind have asked themselves and others what is the difference between a Tory and a Whig, and have felt considerable difficulty in obtaining any answer that would content them. It may be that Mr. Lindsay is troubled with such perplexities; but if he desires to sit for Sunderland he should not ventilate them in letters to Continental friends which are certain to be published in the newspapers. Mr. Lindsay, however, has not only said that Tory and Whig are the same thing, but he has also delivered speeches from which it has been found possible to conclude that, if there be a difference, he rather prefers the Tories. According to Mr. Wight—who sends to Mr. Lindsay a copy of the *Northern Daily Express*, "in which he will perceive a leader devoted to some animadversions on his recent political conduct," and who follows on the same side with a letter which has been published in the London newspapers—the late speeches of Mr. Lindsay "imply, to say the least, a settled conviction that Conservatism is better than Liberalism." We do not know whether Mr. Wight is himself the author of the leader which Mr. Lindsay is expected to "perceive." If he be, we can congratulate the Northern Counties on the possession of such an able editor. If this is Mr. Wight's way of saying his least, what must be the force of his full-toned thunderings from the august throne of journalism? He proceeds to tell Mr. Lindsay that previously to his election "such a statement might have been made by him with less danger"—meaning, of course, danger to Sunderland and to the empire of which it is an important part. The danger to Mr. Lindsay's own political prospects, if he had embodied the heretical sentiment in his address and had frequently repeated it during his canvass, appears likely to have been far greater. Occurring when they did, the only effect of Mr. Lindsay's speech and vote have been to diminish very slightly the majority against Lord Derby, and to draw down upon himself a dignified rebuke from Mr. Wight, which we cannot forbear quoting. He tells Mr. Lindsay that his statement that Conservatism is better than Liberalism, made when it was, "is to me utterly inconceivable"—meaning probably to express that he was very much astonished at it; and he proceeds thus:—"For if we believe in a man holding established and settled convictions, based upon principle, then, I think, to whatever party he may belong, he must prefer acting with it rather than supporting one holding opinions diametrically the opposite of his own." Now we beg that these words may be attentively considered by our readers, as they are a pregnant text upon which a sermon might be preached to the edification of their political faith. One can see that at Sunderland there is no halting between two opinions. The difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, however it may have been obscured by the speciosities of Coalition Cabinets, is clearly perceived, and rigidly insisted upon, by the uncompromising politicians of the North. In remote boroughs they not only possess convictions of a strength that may put the metropolis to shame, but they believe in a man who holds a conviction which is based upon a principle—or, at least, one who claims to be their spokesman supposes them to be capable of exhibiting such a wonderful amount of faith. They have, so to speak, not only convictions, but convictions raised to the third power. Mr. Lindsay was understood to hold convictions which were based on principles, and they believed in Mr. Lindsay. Alas, that one so honoured and so trusted should be capable of writing, even to a Continental friend, that tweedledum and tweedledee are essentially the same thing! It is very well for statesmen who have to form Ministries to represent that every Conservative is in truth a Liberal, and every Liberal a Conservative, but that is not the sort of talk that will go down in a northern borough. Surely it will not be pretended that every Blue is a Yellow, and every Yellow is a Blue; and if the Coalition-mongers cannot venture to assert this, they had better not attempt to reconcile what is known to be an incurable hostility. Colonel Dickson, who is one of the candidates for Marylebone, was once, as he tells us, a Conservative of the Liberal school. But now that he aspires to represent a great constituency,

he abandons all such temporizing expedients, and goes in resolutely for the Ballot.

Contemplating the political world from remote Sunderland, Mr. Wight appears to have put his faith in Mr. Lindsay, as one who held convictions which were based on principles which belonged to a party with which Mr. Lindsay would necessarily always act. Looking from the same distant eminence, Mr. Wight also supposed himself to see another party holding convictions based on principles exactly opposite to those of Mr. Lindsay, which party would be in perpetual conflict with him and with all other Liberals. For the ease of journalists it were greatly to be desired that this had been a vision of the truth. But Mr. Lindsay—who has battled with the sea which Mr. Wight looks down on from his serene height—speaks from his experience, and says, that there may be conflicts of party which involve no difference of principle, and that such was the character of the debate in which he delivered himself of the speech and vote which have so much surprised his simple constituents in the far North. He bids Mr. Wight and the other malcontents believe that, although he has hitherto done exactly what would have been done by Mr. Hudson, who was turned out to make room for him, yet his Conservative vote was given in a Liberal sense, and that in future he intends to display Liberalism which shall be palpable to the vulgar understanding. We should certainly recommend Mr. Lindsay not to tamper any further with the landmarks of the British Constitution. Mr. Wight tells him that his aberrations from the path of political orthodoxy “have done much to shake the confidence of his friends in regarding him as one of the Liberal members of the present Parliament.” Now, we are not among Mr. Lindsay’s friends, but we will take upon ourselves to say that if he continues to labour under an inability to distinguish between Whigs and Tories, our confidence in regarding him as one of the Liberal members of the next Parliament will be shaken to a very lamentable extent. Even the University of Oxford, which is much more tolerant of intellectual subtleties than the Borough of Sunderland, has hardly reconciled itself to the compound called Liberal-Conservatism. Mr. Lindsay is a bold man to undertake to persuade the ten-pound householders whom he represents that there is no difference between Whig and Tory, and further, that a Tory makes the best Whig. He says in effect that Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, particularly Pompey; but the statement will scarcely be repeated at any time of less secure confidence.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

WE have never ceased insisting, both with the public and with practitioners, upon the necessity of shaping architecture into what, in University language, may be termed a “faculty.” We do not mean that we ever dreamt of investing its professors with exclusive guild privileges, or of subjecting them to the control of any external and bureaucratic organization. But we have seen our way, little by little, bit by bit, as things are done in England, to the establishment or consolidation of various institutions, all of them tending to the advancement of architecture, both as an art and as respects the standing of the architects themselves as members of an honourable and remunerative profession. Thus, very early in our career, we argued in favour of the possibility of some scheme which should involve a diploma as the test of educational proficiency. We have repeatedly and strongly advocated the desirableness of competitions for public buildings—not, of course, as a perpetual rule, to be enforced with Chinese uniformity, but as an excellent practice to be used with a frequent discretion. We have unflinchingly backed the Architectural Museum, believing it to be an earnest endeavour to create a free school of architectural art. We have been eager, not to say vehement, in our denunciation of the condition into which exhibitions of architecture in this country had fallen; and we hailed accordingly the erection in Conduit-street of that gallery which gave to the “Architectural Exhibition” an independent status.

We are accordingly in a position to ask ourselves the question, Have or have not these exertions been successful? We may also venture to reply that, in the long run, they will prove to have been as complete a success as any man not an enthusiast could have anticipated. For the present, matters are in a state of transition. Competitions abound, but their results are not satisfactory, and their patent failure must arise either from the inferior quality of the designs presented or from the unsatisfactory nature of the adjudication. Exhibitions are increased, yet the results seem *multa sed non multum*. Such periods of comparative dullness are symptomatic of conservative revolution; and we are not therefore so much disposed to quarrel with the aspects of the Architectural section of the Royal Academy, feeble as it is this year, or of the Conduit-street Gallery, as we might have been had we merely judged by the banquet actually set before us, although truth may compel us to confess that the viands are, generally speaking, somewhat stale and jejune. In fact, the festival is far too lavishly set out with the funeral baked meats of inferior competitions. Nothing, of course, could be more natural than that the *débris* of local competitive tenders should find a resting-place in the metropolitan exhibitions. But to make this dusting up attractive, several conditions had to be fulfilled. The original programme

of the competition should be such as to have attracted good competitors; the composition of the tribunal should have afforded reasonable hope of a good award; there ought in no case to be a superior authority to tamper with that award; and for the exhibition itself there should be secured the flower of the combatants—those designs between which the decision had absolutely lain. This last consideration is very important, for without some such arrangement, competitions are rigged, and exhibitions are choked with daubs hastily got up to be shown in galleries and hung up in offices, with the fallacious epigraph, “submitted in competition for,” &c. We cannot say that, viewed as a whole, the scraps of competition contained in the two exhibitions of this year carry out our requirements. Indeed, it is not too much to say that they violate all of them, and thus inflict a heavy blow upon the cause of architectural competition. The Royal Academy Exhibition contains two of the designs for a competitive Roman Catholic church at Cork, which has become notorious by the flagrant violation of the award on the part of the practical promoters of the work. In Conduit-street, the absurd scramble (we can hardly give it a better name) for Mr. Spurgeon’s tabernacle finds too many representatives; while the perfidy of the Edinburgh Town Council is embodied in sundry of the designs sent in for that preaching hall in sham Gothic which their high mightinesses desired to run up cheap—thus frustrating, to their own pecuniary advantage, the obligation imposed upon them of rebuilding, in *facsimile*, Trinity Collegiate Church, demolished for railway purposes. We have already had occasion to expatiate on the scandal, both in its legal and its artistic aspects, and we need only now record our great satisfaction that the Court of Session intervened in the cause of good faith and national art. In the meanwhile, the competition (to judge by the specimens shown) seems to have proved itself worthy of its disgraceful origin, in the poverty and grotesqueness of the designs to which it gave birth. Full many a square yard on the same screen is devoted to the Ellesmere memorial, which took the shape of a prospect tower, of which the style, as shown in various specimens, seems to have varied between crude reminiscences of an Italian-Gothic campanile and lean editions of baronial keeps, such as they might have looked if viewed in the long direction of a gigantic spoon. Laudable as this competition may have been in its adoption of the national type of architecture in preference to the hackneyed repetition of a Doric or Corinthian column, it fails egregiously, inasmuch as the candidates generally mistook uncouthness for originality. Hard by it, some of the designs for erecting the Chelsea Vestry Hall are shown in a variety of styles which must have been eminently confusing to the great parochial mind, unless it had previously and fully fortified itself for a strenuous adoption of humdrum forms and well-worn precedents.

Outside of these fragments of competitions, what do the two exhibitions contain? The largest contributions, according to square measurement, made to the Architectural Exhibition, consist of one structure which we trust never will be built, and another which we believe never can be. The first of these is Mr. Penne-
thorne’s flatulent scheme of Public Offices, evolved out of the existing Treasury block by the impudence of common-place and the temerity of official standing. We had already formed our opinion of this plan from the shreds and patches confided to the public. But the *ensemble*, we fairly own, exceeded our fondest anticipations. Unable ourselves to fathom the profound depth of its flatness, we leave the task to Lord Palmerston when he next gets upon his legs to magnify the Italian portion of the late competition, and finds himself instead drifting into a panegyric on the original sinlessness of the uncompetitive Penne-
thorne. The building which never will be built is Mr. Owen Jones’ Crystal Palace the Second, on Muswell-hill—rather shorter, rather broader than the Paxtonian prototype, and garnished with some cupolas in glass. The drawings are pretty, though the colours, to be sure, are laid on rather thick. The value of the design will, of course, vary in proportion to the faith of the spectator in its practicability.

Into the remaining chaos of buildings to be built, buildings which have been built, and buildings which are being proposed to be built, we dare not drag our readers. Country houses in Gothic and in Elizabethan there are many—shop-fronts in Italian several—cemetery chapels of the normal average not a few. New-restored churches abound, the best being by Mr. Goldie, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Withers, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Street—who is, as usual, picturesque and original alike in village fanes and in one which is about to be raised in Westminster. One little lithograph of a new church by Mr. Scott can hardly be reckoned as an item. But, conspicuous above his brethren, and disdaining any less graphic process than a model, the architectural senator Mr. Tite enriches the world with his great ideal of a village church—a broad and straddling body, with a heavy tower to the west, and in the centre of the cross an octagonal dome flanked by four low towers wedged into the angles. This portentous specimen of bastard Italian is, according to the catalogue (A. E. 399), actually in the course of being built at Gerard’s Cross, Bucks. Mr. Tite’s enthusiastic preference for classical architecture, which trickles over in Parliament and rises to boiling-point at the Institute of Architects, has long made itself notorious. It is, therefore, something to have unveiled in all its loveliness what he would substitute for those barbarous piles—the village churches of our land. The result, we confess, transcends our

most sanguine dreams. We might have expected it to be complex and yet bold, expensive and yet ineffective; but to have realized all these characteristics in so eminent a degree in one structure, required the talent and the perseverance of a master hand.

Messrs. Prichard and Seddon's college at Breeon, and their design for the recasting of Eaton Park—both manipulated with a free Gothic touch (R.A. 1050 and 1109)—deserve more than a passing glance. In the former case, the buildings had to be worked up to the existing chapel, and in the latter, the existing pile had to be preserved in an altered shape. In both, the architects have understood the requirements. Mr. Jones's telegraph office in Threadneedle-street (R.A. 1131), though quite devoid of high architectural merit, is yet noticeable as a specimen of the grandiose style in which we are glad to see that the City is being rebuilt. The style is Renaissance, with an apparent roof, bearing a too dumpy louvre. Mr. Slater, in a perspective in which the trickeries of colour are avoided, gives the richly restored choir of Sherborne Minster, which he has very ably completed upon the *motif* bequeathed in that church by Carpenter (R.A. 1091); while Mr. Smirke, as if to reconcile the Gothic and Italian schools, proposes—not without ingenuity, but with no very apparent advantage—to rear and to arrange a Yorkshire church after the model of an early Basilica (1060).

The remedy for the deficiencies found in our architectural exhibitions is of course obvious enough in theory, but we fear considerable time will elapse before it will be practically applied. Such an exhibition is as much *sui generis* as one of sculpture; and it would be as ridiculous to insist upon the busts and statues being framed and glazed as it is to reduce the exhibition of architectural designs to the condition of a gaudy show of inferior water-colour pictures. In paintings and in statues, the object which is exhibited is the actual work of art. In one of architecture, all that can be displayed is the symbol of the thing itself. This symbol, to be complete, requires much more than the mere perspective sketch—the plan, the elevation, the section ought all to be forthcoming. But plan, elevation, and section are wearisome and unintelligible to the million, on whose payments the exhibitions rely for their support, and they accordingly for the most part make themselves conspicuous by their absence. We trusted for a new state of things as soon as the Architectural Exhibition had fairly installed itself in its own premises, and we are therefore disappointed both at the quality of the designs shown and at the method adopted for their display. We are unwilling to despond when we see so many signs of energy, however abnormal in their manipulations. The claims of truth, however, render it impossible for us to take leave of the architectural shows of 1859 with the simulated expression of satisfaction.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

WE wonder if, among the thousands who during the past week have, either as audience or performers, assisted at the so-called Handel Commemoration Festival, there were many who were really possessed with the idea that they were, by their presence, in any way paying respect to the memory of the great composer. We should expect not. If there were such, they were, we conceive, much mistaken. The fact is, that with all our admiration for the results of the Festival—for the energy, liberality, and admirable organization which have characterized all the arrangements in connexion with it—we cannot be brought to regard it in principle, at least so far as the Crystal Palace Company is concerned, as in any way differing from other attractions which they have set before the public, and with respect to some of which they have had recourse to a system of puffing quite unworthy of so influential a company. The "Christmas revels," which made most people imagine that the Sydenham Palace was fast degenerating into a kind of monster Cremorne, were bad enough. These were followed by the tinsel mockery of the "Burns Commemoration," of which we took occasion to speak our opinion in somewhat plain terms; but the worst of all was the attempt to trade upon the feelings of the public by the advertisement of a grand performance of military music in pretended remembrance of our countrymen who had fallen in India, and the attractions of which the Crystal Palace Company had the questionable taste to endeavour to enhance by making a parade of fixing it the day immediately following the solemn thanksgiving publicly celebrated in our churches throughout the country. The great and legitimate attractions which the recent performances of the masterpieces of Handel presented, make it all the more to be regretted that the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company should have thought it necessary to attempt to mix up with them the cant and claptrap of professing any higher aim than their own profit and the amusement of the public. We are not, however, prepared to deny that the successful carrying out of their enterprise has in many ways great significance. As an index of the extraordinary advance which we have made in appreciation and executive power in music, and as a proof of the universal popularity which Handel's music in particular enjoys in England as compared with other countries, it has been doubtless valuable. These and the like are subjects upon which, if space allowed, it might be interesting to dilate; but where we have so much to record in the way of actual occurrence, we are compelled to confine ourselves to endeavouring to

give such of our readers as were not present some account of the performance itself.

After hearing the *Messiah* on Monday, we confess that our feelings were not those altogether of unmixed satisfaction; for we could not help being conscious that in many respects the result was not altogether satisfactory in a musical point of view. Surpassingly grand as the effect of the music was in some particulars, there are yet many points in which it was so faulty as to lead us to inquire whether, with these drawbacks, the result was at all commensurate with the enormous machinery put in motion to produce it. The most important objection is, doubtless, the unsuitability of the building itself for the expression of any of the more delicate musical effects. Anything like instrumental colouring of a subtle character must necessarily be completely lost; and, for this reason, any other music than that of Handel would have been quite out of place in so vast a concert-room. It was difficult to believe, at least in the position which we occupied, which certainly was rather distant from the orchestra, that the enormous body of three or four thousand performers should not have produced a more overpowering volume of tone. The effect of the size of the building in lessening sounds was curiously exemplified when the organ, under cover of which the band were tuning their instruments, ceased playing. From the force of the contrast, the hundreds of stringed instruments sounded like a faint tinkling, every now and then broken by the boom of some one or other of the enormous drums which played so conspicuous a part in the performance. Another strange effect of the distance was the disagreement between the sight and the hearing, so that the stick seemed to descend upon the drum long before the note reached the ear; and for the same reason Mr. Costa and the orchestra were apparently at variance throughout the whole performance. From this it may be imagined that the solos must necessarily have been ineffective; and, indeed, so dwindled in tone did they reach us that we feel sure it would have been almost impossible for any one not already acquainted with the music—if we can suppose such a person—to have formed any adequate conception of the solo portions of the *Messiah* from last Monday's performance. The principals exerted themselves to the uttermost, and sang, almost without exception, most admirably; but it was impossible for them, in the face of such disadvantages, to rouse us to much enthusiasm. The choruses, however, were confessedly the great feature to which we were to look for a grandeur of effect such as had never before been experienced. Here our anticipations were indeed more nearly realized. The effect of the size of the concert-room upon this enormous body of vocalists was to mellow down the voices, and to give to them a rich smoothness of tone when combined which undoubtedly could not have been attained with a smaller number of performers in a smaller place. Perhaps the most remarkable point was the extreme clearness with which each individual part came out like one voice in passages of counterpoint, and without any of the harshness or variety of character in the voices which are often apparent in a chorus of anything like ordinary dimensions. But even while fully conscious of these advantages, and of others which might fairly be urged, we are tempted to inquire whether their attainment was, as regards the interests of music, worth the enormous trouble and expenditure. For, it must be recollected, a great spasmodic effect like this is necessarily produced at considerable detriment to other musical entertainments. It is not to be supposed that the 20,000*l.* or more which has been expended upon the Handel Festival by the public will not have absorbed a very great portion of the money which would otherwise have been more generally diffused in support of other musical undertakings. We expect that Mr. Gye, Mr. Smith, and the various concert givers will feel the effects of this successful speculation on the part of the Crystal Palace Company for the remainder of the season. If this tremendous gathering of performers had had for its object the establishment of any new or important principle in connexion with musical art, we should have been content to have sunk the imperfections, and have commented only upon the excellences of the performance. But the mere multiplication of numbers leads, as we conceive, to no good end; and in music as in pictorial art, magnitude is no test of merit. It is for this reason that we have thought it our duty to express what will probably appear to be somewhat heterodox opinions with regard to this great undertaking. We may perhaps, before proceeding into the details of the performance, sum up our opinion of it by stating that, as a connected interpretation of Handel's masterpiece, we regard it as more or less unsatisfactory, while at the same time we consider that, in certain special particulars, a grandeur of effect was attained which is quite unparalleled.

The proceedings on Monday last commenced with a roll of six side drums ushering in the National Anthem, the first verse of which was sung in solo by Madame Clara Novello, with admirable breadth and purity. The second verse was entrusted to a quartet of principals, and was to us very ineffective; the chorus coming in upon the third. We are inclined to think that the Festival would have been inaugurated more impressively if the first note that was uttered had been given with the full strength of both band and chorus. When the band commenced the overture to the *Messiah*, the effect was peculiar—the tone being subdued, and having a sort of murmurous character which we have never before experienced. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the recitative "Comfort ye," with extraordinary vigour; but the air "Every

valley" could not be pronounced anything but ineffective. The first chorus—"And the glory of the Lord"—was slightly uneasy at the commencement, but soon subsided into the steady swing upon which it depends for its effect. Mr. Weiss sang the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," Miss Dolby taking "But who may abide"—it being now the custom to give this air to a contralto, in accordance with Handel's own direction, although he himself at first intended it for a bass voice. The effect Miss Dolby managed to produce, considering the acoustical disadvantages of place, was really extraordinary, and we may specially praise her broad, pure delivery in the last four *adagio* bars. As might be expected, the prestissimo movement did not tell satisfactorily. Upon the chorus, "He shall purify," we have nothing particular to remark, except that towards the close it became a little confused. In connexion with "O thou that tellest," which Miss Dolby sang rather too fast, we ought to mention that Mr. Prattens' flute obligato was most effective—the flute, indeed, throughout the performance, seeming to possess the power of making itself more distinctly audible than almost any other instrument. Signor Belletti sang the following recitative and air, "The people that walked in darkness," and then came one of the really great and legitimate successes of the Festival. The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," was given with inconceivable point, precision, and clearness. It was a performance which cannot be praised too highly. The effect of the full power of organ, band, and chorus fortissimo upon the words "Wonderful, Counsellor," with the two hundred violins working steadily away in the interval between them, was so magnificent, that the audience would not be satisfied without an encore, and it was accordingly repeated. In "Glory to God," we may instance the effect of the drums and brass instruments in the passage, "Goodwill towards men," as remarkably fine. The remainder of the first part calls for no very special mention. The beginning of the concluding chorus may be cited as a little uneasy, although the last eleven bars were perhaps given as grandly as any other choral portion of the composition. The group of choruses, at the commencement of the second part, which follow closely upon each other—from "Behold the Lamb" as far as "He trusted in God"—were, with scarcely any exception, magnificently given. "Surely He has borne our griefs," "And with his stripes," and the *adagio* movement at the close of "All we like sheep," may be mentioned as more prominently striking. The subject of "He trusted in God" was splendidly given out by the basses, but shortly afterwards a little unsteadiness was observable, which however quite disappeared before the conclusion of the chorus. In portions of the recitative, "Thy Rebuke," Mr. Sims Reeves was inaudible. He sang the following air, "Behold and see," however, exquisitely. "Lift up your heads," and "Let all the Angels of God"—which latter is in our opinion one of the very finest choruses in the *Messiah*—were both effective. The performance of "How beautiful are the feet," by Madame Clara Novello, and the succeeding chorus, "Their sound is gone out," call for no particular comment. Mr. Weiss did not please us by his rendering of "Why do the nations," in the opening of which the trumpets were rather out of tune. Nor did "Thou shalt break them," in spite of Mr. Sims Reeves's great declamatory power, seem to us effective. But the performance of the Hallelujah chorus, immediately afterwards, was probably one of the finest choral efforts in the annals of music. Any description would fail to convey an adequate idea of its massive grandeur. Owing to its having been rehearsed on the previous Saturday, and to the fact of its being probably the best-known chorus in the *Messiah*, the execution may be considered to have been perfect; and we felt that it was one of the points in the performance which might fairly claim a character of exceptional and unparalleled excellence. With regard to the third part, we must content ourselves with remarking that Madame Clara Novello sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with great feeling and genuine expression, except at the close of the first portion of the song, where she introduced some ornament that would have been better omitted; that Signor Belletti made "The trumpet shall sound" as effective as possible, Mr. Harper's obligato being perfection; and that the glorious concluding choruses brought the day's performance most worthily to a termination.

The performance on Wednesday, when the *Dettingen Te Deum* and a miscellaneous selection from Handel's works were given, was in our opinion immeasurably more effective than that of the *Messiah*. This, indeed, might have been anticipated from a perusal of the programme, which was made up of works admirably calculated to display the peculiar resources of the monastic orchestra. It would have been, we should think, impossible to have chosen any connected work of Handel—except perhaps the *Israel in Egypt*—more suitable to the occasion than the *Dettingen Te Deum*, which was, almost without exception, gloriously performed from beginning to end. A few of the more striking points are all that we can now notice. In the magnificent chorus, "To thee Cherubim and Seraphim," the effect of the basses on the words, "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—especially where they last recur—was inexpressibly grand and solemn. The chorus in three parts, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," was extremely effective, the subject being given out by the different parts respectively with perfect clearness and precision, as was also the grand introduction by the trumpets to "We therefore pray thee." We may mention

here that the various trumpet solos which occur in the work, as well as the obligato, "Let the bright Seraphim," were admirably executed by Mr. Harper, whose command over this difficult instrument is extraordinary.

Signor Belletti's rendering of the solos only strengthened us in our opinion that he is the best bass singer we have in London. "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man" was perhaps his most effective performance, and cannot be spoken of in terms of too high commendation. Here and there, as was natural to expect, a little unsteadiness in the choruses was observable, as in the opening of "And we worship thy name;" and we may also mention that the trumpets were in some places slightly out of tune, but, with these slight and excusable blemishes, the performance was in every way what could be wished. For the second part, which from the excellent judgment displayed in the selection was perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole two days' performances, a paragraph must suffice. The chorus which was the least familiar to the audience was, perhaps, performed the most perfectly of any in the whole selections. We allude to "Envy—eldest born of Hell!" with the performance of which we should think it would have been impossible to discover a fault; and the audience showed its discrimination by redemanding it. The effect on the words "Hide thee in the blackest night," followed by the sudden piano on the words "Virtue sickens, &c.," pleased us as much as any point throughout the Festival. The Dead March also was played to perfection, and most deservedly encored. Miss Dolby sang "Return, O God of Hosts," delightfully, which may also be said of Madame Clara Novello's "Let the bright seraphim," at the close of which she introduced a long double cadence with the trumpet, the advisability of which was perhaps somewhat questionable. The song was, however, most enthusiastically encored. Mr. Sims Reeves's splendid declamation in "Sound an alarm," and the martial-sounding chorus, "We hear," with its spirit-stirring military drums, deservedly produced an extraordinary sensation among the audience, who, in spite of the late period at which they came in the programme, would not be satisfied without their being repeated. Of the rest, all that we need perhaps remark upon is the grandeur of the concluding part of the chorus, "Oh, never bow we down," "We worship God, and God alone," and the magnificent effect of the full chorus in "See the conquering hero"—the solo parts of which were, however, materially interfered with by many of the audience leaving their places.

We must not conclude our notice without awarding a just tribute of praise to Mr. Costa for the extraordinary skill and ability he has displayed in organizing and conducting the enormous orchestra of performers placed under his command. We believe that, without disparagement to any other of our eminent conductors, we are justified in saying that in the hands of Mr. Costa alone would so gigantic a force not have proved unwieldy. It is to him principally that the success of the performance is due. We are bound also to add that all the details of arrangement within the building, as regards places and the like, were so perfect that we believe no one suffered the slightest inconvenience.

REVIEWS.

MR. SENIOR'S JOURNAL IN TURKEY AND GREECE.*

MR. SENIOR'S Journals are already well-known to a very large section of London society, and will, no doubt, at some future time, form, in their collected shape, one of the most curious and important sources of information respecting the present generation which will be accessible to those who succeed us. Obvious considerations have as yet confined them to a manuscript circulation, and the work before us is the first of the series which has been suffered to come before the world in the ordinary way. It is by very much the most interesting and instructive book of travels that has come under our notice for a long time. It shows what books of travels may be and ought to be. As a general rule, they are mere vents for egotism, or, at best, accounts of adventures. Sometimes they contain a certain quantity of information, which, however, might in many cases have been collected at home from books in quite as readable and interesting a shape. Mr. Senior's Journal hardly mentions himself, and seldom refers to books except where such references are absolutely necessary. It consists almost entirely of reports of conversations upon the state and the institutions of the countries which he visited, held with persons whose means of information were extensive, and who communicated what they knew with that freedom and animation which belongs to private conversation. The names of the interlocutors are generally concealed under imaginary initials; but the authenticity of the reports is generally guaranteed by their having been submitted to the persons whom they concerned. The result is a book as interesting as a volume of Boswell, and its interest is much heightened by the fact that the state of the countries to which it refers is at present one of the most important elements in the political aspect of Europe. If the war which is for the present confined to the North of Italy is to embrace and remodel

* A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1837 and the beginning of 1838. By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. London: Longmans. 1859.

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the rest of Europe, it is exceedingly probable that the immediate occasion of such an event will be found in the condition of European Turkey, while that country would undoubtedly experience its results more deeply than any other.

Mr. Senior's account of the condition of Turkey deserves the most serious attention; for unless he was misinformed—of which we see no probability—the whole country is in a state in which it is almost impossible that it should continue for any length of time without something like a general dissolution of society. Its barbarism is inconceivable. In the rural districts, as well as in the towns, the power and numbers of the Turks are rapidly declining; but they are still the dominant race, and they use their authority principally for the purpose of plundering and insulting the Rayahs—a purpose which they are enabled to carry out both easily and effectually, as the Turks alone are permitted to carry arms. "One of them," Mr. Senior was informed, "with his belt full of pistols, walks up to a Rayah's house. He calls out the master, who, perhaps, is the head man of the village, and bids him hold his horse. He walks in, sits down, and makes the women light his pipe. The girls all run away and hide in the outhouses or among the neighbours. When he has finished his pipe he asks for a fowl. He is told that there are none. A few blows bring one out, a few more produce bread and wine." There are no roads in the country, with the single exception of a piece about five miles long, made by the French; and, though the natural riches of Turkey are enormous, the absence of roads makes them entirely useless. During the Russian war, the allied armies spent 30,000,000*l.* at Constantinople, and the inhabitants might have sold two or three times as much as they did if they had been able to bring it to market. The manner in which the ordinary administration of government is carried on corresponds to the general barbarism. The corruption of the officials is universal. Mr. Senior was told that a late Minister of Finance in the dependency of Tripoli defrauded the Government annually of exactly one half of the amount which he received. He thus kept back no less than 125,000*l.* a year, of which probably 50,000*l.* went into his own pocket, whilst 75,000*l.* was distributed as hush money amongst the other officials. The manner in which the Turkish affairs are managed may be estimated from the fact that not only is the Government cheated to this extent in respect of Tripoli, but it has annually to pay a considerable sum towards its expenses. Like many of the other Pashalics, it is of no use whatever to Turkey, except on account of the private fortunes which its officials make by taking bribes.

In the outlying Pashalics the abuses of the system are displayed in the strongest colours. Mr. Senior received from a gentleman who had just returned from thence, a particular account of the condition of Turkish Armenia. A new pasha comes out every three or four years. He sends word of his arrival to all his subordinate officers. They bribe him that they may remain in office, and they repay themselves for the bribes by increasing the taxation, permitting frauds on the revenue, and increasing the *corvées*. The people are bound to furnish horses, camels, &c., on certain occasions; and the officials compel them to provide four or five times as many as are wanted, unless they will pay bribes to avoid such exactions. The consequence is, that not only large cities, but whole districts are left unpeopled. In Asia Minor, one of the richest countries of the world, ninety-nine hundredths of the land lie waste. In Samos, which in ancient times contained a population of 300,000, there are now only 60,000 inhabitants; and the science and literature for which it once was famous are absolutely and hopelessly extinct.

Not only is the government corrupt in Turkey, but in some of the most essential of its functions the law is powerless. Within the limits of his harem, every Turk is practically despotic. An English physician told Mr. Senior that he had been commissioned by Omar Pasha to examine the body of every one who died in Tripoli, and that he detected numerous cases of murder; but that no one was punished for them, though blood money was occasionally paid. Upon proof or suspicion of unchastity, the Turks considered themselves perfectly justified in taking the lives of their wives or children, and the authorities upheld them in doing so. The murder of a rayah by a Turk was usually perpetrated with entire impunity. The accounts which Mr. Senior received at Smyrna upon this subject were frightful. A European physician there told him that he avoided the Turkish part of the town as much as possible on account of the crimes which his profession brought under his notice. "Sometimes," he said, "it is a young second wife who is poisoned by the older one; sometimes a female child, whom the father will not bring up; sometimes a male killed by the mother to spite the father. Infanticide is rather the rule than the exception;" and he went on to cite a story of his having been applied to by the wives of one of his patients to poison him.

One of the most singular features in this wretched state of things is the relation which it has caused to exist between the foreign embassies and the Turkish Government. The ambassadors are kings over the subjects of their own Governments, who are entirely exempted from the authority of Turkish courts of law. The consequence is, that Austrian, French, and English subjects do pretty much as they please in Turkey, and as these names comprise not only civilized Europeans, but Croats, Algerines, Ionians, and Maltese, the amount of cheating, robbery, and murder which passes unpunished may be imagined. If an Ionian, for example, murders a Turk, the worst that can

happen to him is to be sent to Malta for trial by a Maltese jury, which always acquits him. If a French subject—an Algerine Arab, possibly—does the same, the French ambassador takes the depositions, and forwards them with the prisoner to Marseilles, whence the cause is removed to Aix en Provence, where the final determination is taken. The ambassadors interfere in civil as well as criminal cases. If both the parties to a suit, whether civil or criminal, are foreigners, then the Consular Court of that nation to which the defendant or accused belongs has exclusive jurisdiction. If one of the parties in a civil suit is a foreigner and the other a Turk, the case is decided before a mixed tribunal of Turks and foreigners, who apply the law of the country to which the defendant belongs. The strangest results follow from this confusion of jurisdictions. A French advocate told Mr. Senior the following story:—An Algerine Arab, who had been murdered by a Turk, left a child a month old. His property consisted of an undivided fourth part of four houses. According to French law, his child would be entitled to half of this, and though the Turks wished to confiscate the property as having been bought by a Frenchman, the French Ambassador compelled them to sell it, and invest an eighth of the price for the benefit of the child at its majority. The murderer was dealt with according to Turkish law, which provides that if a man commits murder he shall, at the election of the murdered man's heir, be hung, or pay 3,000 drachms of silver—about 220*l.* The heir cannot exercise this option till he is twenty years of age, and accordingly in this case, the murderer was committed to prison for nineteen years and three months, to wait till the little French subject should attain his majority. The principal inconvenience of this arrangement, as it affected the French, was that the imprisoned Turk's relatives were extremely anxious to murder the child, pending which they were engaged, when Mr. Senior was at Constantinople, in a negotiation with the French ambassador for the release of the murderer, on the payment of a larger sum than the price of blood. In an ordinary case, he would have escaped easily, as he was a rich man; but the French ambassador would be able to ruin the Turkish Minister of Police if he let him escape under the circumstances, and the prisoner was accordingly kept in irons, and visited by the French once or twice a fortnight to see that he was safe.

Mr. Senior's account of Greece is in some respects more interesting even than his account of Turkey. His informants appear to have described the two countries as standing on much the same level of civilization, though with the difference that Greece is going up hill and Turkey down hill. There are no roads in Greece, the system of brigandage is all but universal, and no means of an efficient kind appear to exist for putting it down. Since the revolution of 1833, the Government has been constitutional, and the Constitution is based upon something almost identical with universal suffrage. The King is fond of speaking of himself as a mere constitutional fiction. He boasts of having no power without the Chambers, but in fact he is absolute. He names all the local authorities, and they virtually nominate the deputies, amongst whom there is no independence whatever. They are all apparently courtiers and place-hunters. In the country districts the law is almost powerless. "The Turks," said one of Mr. Senior's friends, "have a great respect for property, the Greeks have none. If an *αρχοντας* wants a man's field, he takes it, and desires the owner to go and take another from the national lands." The management of the finances is enough in itself to keep the whole country in a chronic state of misery—we might almost say of depopulation. The land-tax levied from every one is a tenth of the produce. It is farmed out, and without the farmer's permission no one can reap his crop. As the lands are taxed according to their tenure, the farmer or his deputy have to be present when the harvest is reaped, for fear of its being removed to a lightly taxed field from one taxed more heavily. It is easy to imagine what a door for fraud and extortion is opened by the necessity that the tax-gatherer should fix the day on which every field is to be reaped. Moreover, the grain must be carried to the public threshing-floor, and when there it has to wait its turn, perhaps for weeks, before it can be threshed, and during this period the owner has to watch it personally. The inhabitants are virtually forced to bribe the farmer of the taxes at every step of this process, which varies with every kind of crop. The state of a country governed in this manner may easily be imagined, but Greece is much more prosperous than it was at the end of the Turkish war. Indeed, at that period it was almost a desert, for the Turks appear to have formed and commenced the plan of exterminating the population.

Mr. Senior gives many very pleasing descriptions of Greek scenery, with one of which we will conclude:—

I rode to the top of Pentelicus, or rather rode to within 500 feet of the top, for the highest pinnacle is accessible only on foot. The mountain somewhat resembles Snowdon. It rises 3500 feet pyramidally from the plain in successive terraces. The north side, looking towards Marathon, and the south, looking towards Athens, are the steepest. Its underwood consists of lentisk, juniper, holly, arbutus, and myrtle, mixed with heather; among these rise dwarf pines, over which, from time to time, towers a branching stone pine. A grove of stone pines, crowning the precipices formed by one of the abandoned marble quarries, is a charming object. At about two-thirds of its height I reached the edge of its eastern ridge, and looked down on the bay and plain of Marathon, almost below my feet. A tumulus, which I could just distinguish with my glass, was pointed out to me by my guide as the tomb of the Athenians.

The bay, about six miles in length, forms a beautiful unbroken curve, bounded at each extremity by low promontories running far into the sea. The northern, and longest, is Cynosura, the dog's tail. This was to the rear of the Persians. The breadth of the plain is about two miles; but much of it is occupied by marshes, or rather morasses, through which the streams from the hills find their way to the sea, and the sea itself, in rough weather, makes a passage. They looked from the mountain like lakes.

The Persian army must have been drawn up somewhat beyond these marshes, so that they extended behind its right wing, while its centre and left wing occupied the strip of firm ground between them and the sea. Their line looked south-west, and therefore, as the battle was fought in the afternoon, they had the evening sun of Greece in their eyes. How dazzling that is I know from experience, for, even in December, I could scarcely see the road as I rode home. The Athenians, posted among the spurs of Pentelicus, ran down on them. The strip of ground on which the centre and left wing of the Persians was crowded is so narrow, that they must have formed a column of half a mile deep. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Greeks could not break the centre by their charge. But the wings were driven, the right into the marshes, the left into the sea, and then the Greeks, attacking the centre on each flank, broke that too.

The view from the top of Pentelicus is the finest that I know. To the north it is bounded by Parnes and Cithæron, over which peeps the snowy point of Helicon. On every other side is the sea. To the east is the Euripus; beyond it, for fifty miles, the mountains of Eubœa. The coast of Eubœa is cut into deep bays; and the shore, reflecting the sun from its belt of white sand, looked like a setting of silver. The sea, quite calm, was a very deep blue, and the islands with which it is studded were purple. To the south I saw over the whole of Attica, Salamis, and Egina, until the view was closed by the mountains which form the northern boundary of Argolis. Though it is the middle of December, and I was 3500 feet above the sea, the temperature was delightful. There was no wind, and the sun was that of an English June.

ROUND THE SOFA.*

IT will be difficult for readers who have not regularly taken in, diligently perused, and carefully marked and digested, *Household Words* for year after year, to say whether the contents of these volumes are old or new. A series of short stories, supposed to be told round the sofa of an invalid, must possess very pronounced properties if they are to dwell upon an ordinary memory when they have been administered piecemeal in irregular doses of three or four pages, once a week or at longer intervals. It is possible that two or three occasional worshippers at the shrine of that repository of family amusement and education of which Mr. Dickens was the officiating high-priest, might, by a great effort of their united memories, piece out the separate chapters of these several stories into something like a consecutive shape. Yet it is more probable that such an experiment would result in a rhapsody, of which the combinations and permutations would strike as novel even Mrs. Gaskell herself—condemning the unfortunate "Half-brothers" to the "Doom of the Griffiths," and setting the head of Lady Ludlow upon the shoulders of "The Poor Clare." But the general impression produced upon the individual mind by the perusal of these tales in their collective capacity, is one of a simultaneous and contradictory staleness and novelty. They may be new, but they are not quite new—yet it is impossible to separate the new from the old. Reading them is like meeting a face which one recognises as having crossed one's path before, but which one cannot associate with any definite circumstances whatever. Whether you saw it the day before yesterday in Hyde Park, or fifteen years back upon the Nile, or in a dream, or in a dentist's room when your present self was eight years old, or in some former existence altogether—*non liquet*. All that is certain is, that you are conscious of having been affected with some previous knowledge of the particular apparition. You cannot criticise it as a totally new phenomenon, nor can you accept it without criticism as an old familiar acquaintance.

There may be advantages to be gained by an author from the habit of writing stories, in the first instance, for such an indefinite and changeable public as the readers of a periodical like *Household Words*. Considering that by far the best of Mrs. Gaskell's novels was given to the world through that channel, it may appear ungrateful to assert that in her case, as in that of most others, the disadvantages of the habit far outweigh any advantages it may claim. Mrs. Gaskell's stories are too obviously written in accordance with conventional rules of space, if they are not written against time. In her otherwise effective tale of *North and South*, she was obliged to precipitate the catastrophe very unartistically, and to dispose of and inter the superfluous personages in the most higger-mugger fashion, in order to comply with the publisher's requisition that the whole story should be completed within the yearly bound-up volume of *Household Words*. The attempt to correct the abruptness of the *dénouement* by the insertion of some additional or rewritten chapters in the republished form of the novel, utterly and naturally failed. It is difficult for an author to persuade himself of the truth of his own creations where he is obliged to evolve them in two inconsistent forms; and if he has not a conviction of their reality himself, he will hardly impress such a feeling upon his readers. Where the whole outline of the plot is definitely conceived in the mind of the novelist before its development is drawn out upon paper, and resolutely adhered to in the execution, it may be deemed comparatively indifferent whether the public is let into his confidence by short peeps behind the curtain at stated intervals, or through the perusal of a continuous narrative at a single sitting. But in any case the former and more popular method involves a temptation to tell

the story in such a style as to bring out forcibly particular points and situations rather than to preserve their due subordination to the general effect and truth of the whole. Each number has to be spiced with its own telling little incident or touch of character, in order to keep alive, during an interregnum of monthly or weekly silence, the interest of a British public which falls asleep if it ceases to be amused. The end of each number must insinuate a doubt or openly ask a question which cannot be answered till the serial or magazine planet has run round its orbit once more, and which must be solved then, under pain of starving to death curiosity warranted to last one month or week only. An author, under such circumstances, is not unlike a gentleman getting gradually more and more into difficulties, and paying his little bills as they become due by the simple process of renewing them upon more exorbitant terms. When his affairs are wound up at the end of the story (and an end must come even to stories in twenty-four monthly numbers), it is at once curious, instructive, and melancholy to see how irrationally extravagant he has been, in compliance with the necessity of making a periodical dash, and keeping up an expenditure of brilliancy corresponding to the requirements of intermittent publication. It is only authors of strong will, clear heads, and resolute self-command who can bring their books to balance under the temptations and the pressure of the serial system.

Now, Mrs. Gaskell has never been remarkable for strength or definiteness of plot; or it might even be said that, in the best specimens of her works of imagination, the plot is most conspicuous by its absence. The work in which she excels is the painting of social phases and individual characters of a peculiar order. In a society which exists without movement, as in the little country village of Cranford—where the entire circle is composed of poor and genteel old maids, among whom the very presence of a single male figure is almost an anomalous intrusion—she moves with an ease and graceful humour which none of our living writers can surpass. In the portrayal of strong and irregular characters, whose idiosyncrasies are marked by a vivid contrast between their outer queeriness of manner and their inward depth of feeling, her power of description is of the highest order. She possesses the true ironic touch, according to the old significance of the word—such as clothes by preference the fine and powerful moral nature in the rags of half-cynical oddity and hardness. The most interesting individuals in her groups are generally those whose set and strongly-marked lines of expression show that they have passed through the most important part of their history before they appear upon the stage. The reader is made to feel that these characters have been thrown back upon their own resources for consolation, interest, or happiness, by circumstances not revealed to him. They have formed themselves in action or passion, and they stand there to be painted. Sooner or later, Mrs. Gaskell gives us a glimpse backward into the various avenues which have led her several figures up to their present point of self-contemplative rest or monotonous motion in a small circle; but it is in general a glimpse only—more often a dropped hint of a melancholy story than a detailed personal episode. To make such idyllic portraiture of character permanently interesting and valuable, a very uncommon degree of taste, style, and observation is undoubtedly required. These are gifts which Mrs. Gaskell has been endowed with. But, however great her power of individualizing character through circumstances or conversation, the imaginative energy which works out in turn a coherent drama through the character is not developed strongly in any of her writings. The motive power which should connect her single vividly-drawn scene with the interests and eventualities of the surrounding life of the world is not there. Cranford is an English village, but in an exceptional state of immobility. The Cranford society must, in the end, fall to pieces altogether under the pressure of some entirely new element, or by the simple dropping off of its members, and will be reconstructed upon new principles. No trace of the influence of that particular phase which Mrs. Gaskell has painted so elaborately will mark the new Cranford. Very different is the method of the great mistress of English story-tellers. Miss Austen's pictures of similar corners of English society are marked by an expansiveness and a vitality which satisfies the reader that he is studying a portion of the general social history of her particular age, of which the influence, as such, will be felt in the character of English life in the future. It is not only the minuteness and wonderful truth of her delineations which infuses this sense of permanent utility and interest into her tales; it is not only that her main personages are capable of taking part in the actual business of a working-day world, and not eccentric characters on an isolated scene; it is that her plots are skilfully constructed, and with a sense of the necessity of coherence and reproductiveness in the course of society even in a small village. Miss Austen's stories, quiet as they are, move, and lead to a natural and consecutive future.

We have taken Cranford as the best and most perfect type of that class of social representations to which Mrs. Gaskell's genius has led her. Lady Ludlow, the main story among those collected in the volumes before us, is of the same order, presenting similar evidences of humour, power, and observation, and aiming at the same narrowness of perfection. Of the other short tales supposed to have been told round Miss Margaret Dawson's sofa by the members of her small friendly circle, it is not requisite to say much. They are not too dull, not too morbid, not too melo-

* *Round the Sofa*. By the Author of "Mary Barton," &c. &c. London: Low, Son, and Co.

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dramatic, and not too long, to have graced very appropriately the pages of the favourite domestic periodical from which they have been reclaimed; and in their present shape they are makeweights of competent mediocrity. Our only regret on seeing them republished is that a writer of Mrs. Gaskell's powers should be tempted to spend herself on historiettes of so thin and unsubstantial a reality. But in *Lady Ludlow* there is room for development of character and for personal interest, however little movement there may be in the story itself. It is indeed, as Miss Dawson qualifies it herself, "an old world story, which is no story at all, neither beginning, nor middle, nor end, only a bundle of recollections." It is filled out with an irrelevant intercalary episode of the Reign of Terror told at second-hand, as one of *Lady Ludlow's* reminiscences narrated to the narrator of her own reminiscences of *Lady Ludlow*, to show how reading and writing are the root of all evil. But there is a strength and an accuracy of drawing in the portraits of the patrician old lady herself, and of her various subalterns in the government of the village and dependencies of Hanbury Court, which only increase our regret that the framework of these qualities is one of such exceptional narrowness, and involves no growth of interest in the progress of the story. *Lady Ludlow*, with her gentle immobility from the hereditary tenets of the most aristocratic Conservative school, and her absolute belief in the diviner blood of the Hanburys which could appreciate the scent of autumnal strawberry-leaves dying with a most excellent cordial smell,—Mr. Gray, the shy, nervous, enthusiastic young clergyman, who dares even to undermine the supremacy of Hanbury etiquette and Hanbury ideas in the discharge of his parochial duty, though not to speak to a young lady in the ordinary fashion of civilized life—and Miss Galindo, the sensible, odd, kind, sharp, humorous, hard-mannered, quick-tempered, good-natured old maid of the village—are admirable studies. Miss Galindo is the best-drawn figure of all. Her phrases, her manner, her very grimness of fun, her resolute sturdiness of good sense, and her invincible spirit and elasticity, are consistent and intrinsically true exponents of a character that would be forcible under any circumstances. The humorous self-appreciation displayed in her narrations of her various household struggles with the perverse maid-of-all-work, Sally, wins our entire sympathy, as does her clear perception (more intuitive than logical) of her neighbours' essential qualities command our respect. Miss Galindo is obviously a portrait upon which Mrs. Gaskell has bestowed considerable thought and labour, and of which she has every reason to feel at once fond and proud.

It is disappointing that a writer who so thoroughly appreciates the individualities of character which make up the colouring of a story, should be so easily contented with a straggling and indefinite outline. It is equally disappointing that the pains and polish bestowed upon style and diction—in the manipulation of which instruments Mrs. Gaskell has attained great skill—should cover so un aspiring an indifference to the art of inventive composition. We shall be heartily sorry if the plot of whatever tales are yet destined to be elaborated by the authoress of "Cranford" and "Lady Ludlow" should be treated as nothing but a peg upon which to hang a bundle of recollections.

HAMILTON'S METAPHYSICS.*

THREE-AND-TWENTY years ago, in July, 1836, Sir William Hamilton was elected Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. His literary reputation at that time rested on contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which he afterwards collected under the title of *Discussions on Philosophy*. His later years seem to have been occupied chiefly in the duties of his Chair and in editorial work. But his notes and appendices to Reid were so elaborate as to assume (though in a most inconvenient form for the reader) the character of an independent contribution to philosophy. And from his classroom in the North came forth, from time to time, the fame of his greatness as a teacher. Exalted by his pupils, formidable as a critic, in these degenerate days a giant of mediæval learning, he took rank as the undoubted heir and natural representative of the Scottish Philosophy of Common Sense. His death, in 1856, was felt as a public loss; and since it became known that his papers had been placed in the hands of the present editors, considerable interest has been felt in looking for their publication. The two volumes now sent forth contain his *Lectures on Metaphysics*, and they will be followed by the *Lectures on Logic*, also in two volumes.

As a reviver of the past, Sir William Hamilton had acknowledged merit. The superior of Reid, of Stewart, and of Brown in command of European philosophical literature, in accuracy of language, and in subtlety of thought, he examined titles, arbitrated claims, exposed false pretensions to originality, wrote the history of active words and ideas, catalogued perplexing varieties of opinion, and reduced chaos to order. His books are dictionaries of forgotten discoveries in mental science—witnesses to what there is of truth in Aristotle's mournful creed that "probably every art and all wisdom has often been explored to the farthest, and again forgotten"—or in Bacon's view of Time as "a stream which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh

and drowneth that which is weighty and solid"—or in the Preacher's experience that "there is nothing new under the sun." He has gathered up the remains of many an intellectual banquet, dived successfully for many a sunken treasure, sought out and set in order many words of truth.

In this country hitherto the knowledge of his works has been confined to a few, or accepted at second-hand from more popular writers. This is due partly no doubt to English dislike for metaphysics, but chiefly to the uninviting form in which Sir W. Hamilton's researches and criticisms have appeared. A tiresome mannerism, a pedantic sticking for minute accuracy, perpetual preference of the less intelligible word, want of sympathy with the impatient reader, excess of controversial censure, superfluity of learned quotation, and, not least, unsightly double columns of small print, have worked their natural result, and made the public willing to take his claims for granted rather than to examine them for itself.

There is now an opportunity of learning to know perhaps the most considerable mental philosopher of our day in Britain, no longer in small print, but in Messrs. Blackwood and Sons' best type—no longer in phrase condensed, bristling with barbarous terms of art—

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,

but using his stores of knowledge and fund of anecdote to enliven and illustrate, and at least endeavouring to suit his thoughts and language to his youthful hearers. We cannot, indeed, vouch for a smooth flow of Ciceronian eloquence, or for the maintenance of an unflagging interest, or for a total abstinence from wordy polemic and paraded learning. We are still on that side of the Tweed where "would" means "should," and "should" means "would"—where things "bear to be," and persons "behave to do." We must submit to hear of *ineunt, transcunt, ectypal, petitory, orbicular, latescent*—of *seern, prescind, astric, discount, redargue*—of *explication, definitude, objectionist, erethism, consecution, concease supernal absurdity*—to say nothing of a technical nomenclature including such expressions as *phenomenology and nomology of the conative powers*. But, if the reader will tolerate this weakness of a great mind now beyond the reach of criticism, he will be rewarded by mastering with comparative ease a system of thought which contains much of the wisdom of the past, and which, from its scientific treatment of questions lying at the root of all knowledge, will probably exert a marked influence, by action or reaction, on the philosophy of the next generation in England. He will find even perfections of style rare in this age and country, but valuable in handling abstract truth. We smile to find Sir W. Hamilton exhorting his pupils "always to prefer a word of Saxon to a word of Greek or Latin derivation;" we cannot admit that his own writings are always good English or good Scotch; but we are sure that the most important passages literally translated would make Greek which Aristotle might take for his own.

To prevent disappointment, it must be observed that the *Lectures*, having been prepared only for his class, consist in part of matter already published, in part also of versions from French and German writers. The former, however, gains by incorporation in a methodical course of instruction, and the latter are so well chosen and so interwoven with the rest of the work as to increase its value to the English reader. Truth is the property of no man. And if we remark that the omission of acknowledgment and use of the first person in such extracts must sometimes have led Sir W. Hamilton's pupils to suppose them original, we do so merely to show how unfair to others is his hasty charge of "stealing" in similar cases.

An instance of his resources for illustration may be taken from several pages of facts bearing on the faculty of attention. The following are a few of them:—

To one who complimented Sir Isaac Newton on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent. There is but little analogy between mathematics and play-acting; but I heard the great Mrs. Siddons, in nearly the same language, attribute the whole superiority of her unrivalled talent to the more intense study which she bestowed on her parts. . . . "Genius," says Helvetius, "is nothing but a continued attention." "Genius," says Buffon, "is only a protracted patience." "In the exact sciences at least," says Cuvier, "it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius." And Chesterfield has also observed, that "the power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius."

In some, indeed, the power of abstraction almost degenerated into a habit akin to disease. . . . Archimedes was so absorbed in a geometrical meditation, that he was first aware of the storming of Syracuse by his own death-wound. Joseph Scaliger, the most learned of men, when a Protestant student at Paris, was so engrossed in the study of Homer, that he became aware of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and of his own escape only on the day subsequent to the catastrophe. The philosopher Carneades was liable to fits of meditation so profound, that to prevent him sinking from inanition, his maid found it necessary to feed him like a child. Newton sometimes forgot to dine. Cardan, one of the most illustrious of philosophers and mathematicians, was once upon a journey so lost in thought, that he forgot both his way and the object of his journey. To the questions of his driver whether he should proceed he made no answer; and, when he came to himself at nightfall, he was surprised to find the carriage at a standstill, and directly under a gallows. The mathematician Vieta was sometimes so buried in meditation, that for hours he bore more resemblance to a dead person than to a living. On the day of his marriage, the great Budæus forgot everything in his philosophical speculations; and he was only awakened to the affairs of the external world by a tardy embassy from the marriage-party, who found him absorbed in the composition of his *Commentarii*.

* *Lectures on Metaphysics*. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Edited by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., Oxford; and John Veitch, M.A., Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

Such a collection of facts, with references to the authorities, is entertaining to the reader and useful to the student. More reserve is needed in speaking of Sir W. Hamilton's collections of opinions, which are sometimes "thrown together" too much like heaps of dry bones, and must be very carefully examined before they can be of much service. The backbone of one system is found lying by one leg of another and a mere excrescence of a third, defying all but the Owens of mental science to compare them with profit, unless by turning up the remaining parts of each. An instance will be found in the "testimonies to the relativity of human knowledge" (i. 139), where Aristotle, Protagoras, and Bacon are classed together—Aristotle, the investigator of "Being as Being," because he said that in matter, stripped of form, there remains nothing to be known except a capacity for form; Protagoras, the Sophist, because his cardinal doctrine was that "to each man what seems true is true;" Bacon, who hoped "to strew the marriage-bed of the mind and the universe," and who taught that "the truth of Being and the truth of Knowing are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected," because he described the relative nature of sense and of unaided intellect as the weakness of which his *Novum Organon* was to be the remedy. As a specimen of bold patchwork it would be difficult to match the following:—

"Man," says Protagoras, "is the measure of the universe"—a truth which Bacon has well expressed. "[Falso asseritur sensum humanum esse mensuram rerum; quin contra] omnes perceptiones tam sensus quam mentis sunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia universi."

Sir W. Hamilton omits the words in brackets. He also omits Plato from his *Catena*. Why not set them both down? They would have made it longer.

In the following case, again, we find an imposing array of authorities enlisted in seeming support of a paradox:—

The question—Is Truth, or is the mental exercise in the pursuit of truth, the superior end?—is, perhaps, the most curious theoretical, and certainly the most important practical, problem in the whole compass of philosophy. . . . Its solution, as it determines the aim, regulates from first to last the method which an enlightened science of education must adopt. This question has never, in so far as I am aware, been regularly discussed. . . . the erroneous alternative has been very generally assumed as true. At first sight it seems even absurd to doubt that truth is more valuable than its pursuit; for is this not to say that the end is less important than the mean? On this superficial view is the prevalent misapprehension founded. A slight consideration will, however, expose the fallacy.

But there are two fallacies—one on either side of the true answer; and if some people fall into one—that the mere possession of truths is highest—Sir W. Hamilton seems to have fallen into the other, that exercise in the pursuit of truths is highest. It does not require much more than "a slight consideration" to see that higher than either is exercise in meditation on truth. There is an activity of enjoyment and use, as well as an activity of pursuit; and the latter is only a means to the former, kept alive by foretastes of its sweetness. On this question (as though Truth were revenging herself) Sir W. Hamilton's usual acuteness seems to have deserted him, and with it even his erudition:—"The man who first declared that he was not a σοφός or possessor, but a φιλόσοφος or seeker of truth, at once enounced the true end of human speculation and embodied it in a significant name." Let Mr. Maurice reply:—"Philosophy means literally the love of Wisdom. It is the love of a hidden treasure. Therefore it comes to mean a search after Wisdom." But not the preference of the search to the treasure. "Plato defines man 'the hunter of truth.'" The editors cannot tell us where. But if he does, nothing can be more un-Platonic than Sir W. Hamilton's comment:—"For science is a chase, and in a chase the pursuit is always of greater value than the game." Again:—"The intellect is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity, says Aristotle." If he does, he has carefully distinguished activity from pursuit. But the editors cannot tell us where. On the contrary, Aristotle says:—"Of intellect, both speculative and practical, the work is Truth. In whatever states each is most true, those are its perfections." "*Sordet cognita veritas* is a shrewd aphorism of Seneca." So is *virtutem incolumem odimus* a shrewd aphorism of Horace. But Horace does not mean that virtue ought to be hated, nor Seneca that truth ought to be despised. "If," says Malebranche, "I held truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." Fine sport for cat and mouse; but Truth has wings. One would like, however, to know where and how he said it. The editors quote at second-hand. "Malebranche disait avec une ingénieuse exagération," &c. "Did the Almighty," says Lessing, "holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after Truth." Lessing is attacking the comfortable pride of self-styled possessors of religious truth. But why did Sir W. Hamilton omit the words "obschon mit dem Zusatze, mich immer und ewig zu irren—though coupled with the condition of always falling into errors without end." Quoted in its full vehemence, let the utterance of the great German count for what it is worth. Every other authority fails. Weakest of all is an appeal to the philosophical scepticism of Pascal. Its practical lesson is contented ignorance rather than endless pursuit. "Lorsqu'on ne sait pas la vérité d'une chose, il est bon qu'il y ait une erreur commune, qui fixe l'esprit des hommes, comme, par exemple, la lune, à qui on attribue le changement des saisons, le progrès des maladies," &c.

Practically, the important inferences bearing on education, which Sir W. Hamilton draws from his paradox, follow as easily (if not more so) from the simple statement that our end should be living truth pervading the whole working of the mind, not dead facts stored in the memory. On the speculative question, we must choose between the Scottish professor and the English statesman-philosopher:—

The last worst calamity that could befall man, as he is at present constituted, would be that full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness.

Quæsitivæ cælo lucem ingemuitque repertâ.—Hamilton's Lectures.

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. . . . It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—Bacon's Essays.

To our mind the latter passage marks the man—the former the pedant.

(To be continued.)

JOB: A DRAMATIC POEM.*

DRAMATIC Poems on sacred subjects have rarely been great successes. The vastness of the matter, the necessity of essaying it with delicate and reverential touch, lest haply that which was grand in the original should suffer profanation in its handling, and the consequent timidity in some cases, and audacity in others, with which this difficulty is met, cause even those builders of lofty rhyme who are far above par to fail of soaring to heights where inspiration already sits installed. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet" is the motto which the daring bard should print up legibly in his *sanctum* ere he ventures upon themes on which our foremost poets have often dwelt only to mar them. Dr. Johnson filled a paper of the *Rambler* by picking flaws in *Samson Agonistes*; yet that tragedy is perhaps the one exception in our language which may be most confidently adduced to prove the rule above stated, and to point to such as venture on the trying path of sacred drama what grandeur, skill, majesty, and simplicity are needed as preliminary to successful effort. To peruse that tragedy is to be conversant with heroic suffering throughout. In spite of the weakness which has caused his low estate, the hero is a noble wreck—a Prometheus with the addition of regretfulness for his offence, which renders the delineation more truthful to those who have the Bible for their inheritance; while nowhere in the drama is there lacking that simple majesty which should ever be a concomitant of grand action. The chorus, too, in *Samson* is always pertinent to the main subject; and only from Johnson's lips could have rolled forth the pompous criticism—"This is the tragedy which ignorance admired and bigotry applauded." It is, perhaps, no insignificant corroboration of the opinion that sacred dramas have a tendency to failure rather than success, that Milton, though his manuscripts at Trinity contain no less than sixty-two plans of sacred tragedies, accomplished no other than *Samson*; or, if he did, he left no proof of it. Would he have planned sixty-two tragedies and carried out but one—his last poetical work—had there been a reasonable prospect of great success? Voltaire's *Samson* came to a lame and impotent conclusion, and was interspersed with choruses to *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Among Milton's plans of projected tragedies the subject of "Job" is not recorded; and, in truth, on reading the title of the dramatic poem before us, it may be an interesting speculation to the reader, before he cuts the leaves, to guess wherein the action is to consist, whence are to come the *dramatis personæ*, and how the poet will evolve a drama from one of the least scenic, though most poetic, books of the Old Testament. An involuntary "What will he do with it?" rises to the lips. *Job: a Dramatic Poem*, is prefaced (a word of the dedication presently) by a list of *dramatis personæ*, formidably divided into sections—the "celestial personages" above, the "terrestrial" below the line, while down in the depths, as is very fitting, are "Satan and Minor Fiends." Most prominent among the celestials are Michael and Raphael, with, of course, a staff of "minors" here also. Job, Anah his wife, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, in a bracket, make up the earthly total. This, then, is the solution. We are to have any amount of celestial talk, interspersed with occasional lively airs, and a hymn or two when the dialogue is waxing prosy—a considerable dash of devilry here, there, and everywhere through the volume—while Job, and the "Lady Anah," as her footman politely calls her, with the three friends who are "all seated in perfect silence" (in order, we conclude, to show their distinguished courtesy to the "first, second, and third devil," who favour them with two stanzas each), appear very sparsely during the drama, which they oblige us by bringing *pro tem* down to earth. Generally the scene is laid tolerably high—to wit, as in Scenes i. and vii., in a "star in the great nebula of Orion," where Satan soliloquizes for a space, and is incidentally tempted to forget himself, and join in a hymn, to which the angels are marching. This sudden impulse he expresses as follows:—

Woe is me!
It fills me up: I strain: I leap; I burst:
Is this all agony? Back, back, I say,
Thou rushing soul! Down, down, ye words!
'Tis over:
I am caught up into the whirl of praise!

* *Job: a Dramatic Poem.* By Edward Henry Pember, M.A.

In justification of this strange instance of the power of song, it should be mentioned that Satan had just before communicated to the audience that Michael has appropriated his (Satan's) trumpet, and that the celestial chorus are chanting borrowed or stolen music, which, as he fairly adds, "is hard to bear." He soon, however, ceases to sing in tune with such respectable company, and becomes, we think, rather prosaic—not to say short and rude—when he introduces the chief archangel in the pithy sentence, "Now for Michael!" Michael, in what follows, credits his attendant angels with little saving knowledge, for he is kind enough to mention, of the stranger who is among them *unknown*, that "He is Satan;" of which he (Michael) is aware, but they are not, because—

Our natures—
And such repellant is security—
Admit not cognizance of evil, lest
Thro' eye or ear should steal endangerment
To our perfections.

No one will accuse this leader of being prone to err on the side of too much trust in his subordinates—though, if Satan is supposed to be within hearing, Michael might have been more wise to assume a virtue for them, even if they had it not.

We have not space for even an analysis of Satan's account of his recent survey of "his snug little farm the earth," with which, when he flags, Michael begs him to "proceed!" with a brevity which, though possibly meant for encouragement, would have a decided tendency to put out, if not to irritate, every-day speakers. Really the blank verse in which the Prince of Darkness clothes his narrative is in parts quite Miltonic. He tells us that—

He came down
With such a blissful stir of winnowing plumes
Into the souls of men,

as reminds the reader of a far more respectable character in *Paradise Lost*, who—

Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air.

But the curious must gather the particulars of the narrative and ensuing dialogue for themselves; and it is not improbable that they will form a different view from that which one of our English poets formed from a (we fear) not reverent perusal of the original Book of Job:—

We might show
From the same book in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the powers
Of good and evil; but 't would take up hours.

Adopting Mr. Pember's version for a guide, they would suggest for "polite" to read "impolite." Unwillingly, then, we quit the celestials and infernals, out of whose songs and blank verse alike one may glean much that is perfectly original, as proving the author's intimate acquaintance with circles in the sayings and doings of which it is not given to all to have any large experience; and we quit them with less scruple on the score of seeming injustice to the author, because the same noble poet whom we quoted above has left it on record—

All men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.

Yet we must not omit that Mr. Pember seems to have been actuated, in the last glimpse he affords us of Satan, in his interview with Raphael, "the affable archangel," by the same kind influence that prompted the old Scotch preacher to regret "there's naeboddy to speak a word for the puir Deil." So complimentary is the conversation on both parts, both are such perfect gentlemen, that, had Michael been nigh, he might justly have trembled lest evil communications should have their wonted issue. He might have suffered, as in the "Vision of Judgment" above quoted, when—

He first grew pale,
As angels can: next, like Italian twilight,
He turned all colours—as a peacock's tail;
Or sunset streaming thro' a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey; or a trout not stale.

But enough of this. Let it be assumed that, so far as the unearthly agencies are concerned, Satan has made his final bow, and delivered himself of his last words before being "turned off"—words which shut up the drama no less than himself—

Satan—And I to Hell!

and that Michael and his happy hearers "are gone where the azure dells of holy stars await them." The reader is invited back to earth and the second scene of the drama, to see how Job deports himself in the version according to Pember. "When men are from their noon of glory thrown," there might be some temptation to distrust and scepticism; but it must be confessed that, if Job in his good fortune spoke or thought as he is represented in the following passage, his subsequent trials were not so wholly unmerited, nor so much a concession to Satan, owing to Divine foreknowledge of his integrity, as the correction of a tone not improved by prosperity. Job has been informing us that it is evening, and that earth is sleepy, not to say asleep—nay, in a rather peculiar condition:—

Wakeful and still, awaiting her repose.

He evidently wishes to facilitate this desirable consummation by the flattering unction, "Thou art a lovely planet, little earth!" and by the assurance that, "Thou hast my love, as he my worship"—which we see, a scene or two onward, is a statement set up like a ninepin to be knocked down again. Enter a servant for the second time to tell Job that "Lady Anah" is impatient, whatever her husband may be:—

Servant—My Lord, the Lady Anah bade me say
That thou art waited for. (*The sacrifices were ready.*)

Job—I follow thee.
So must I bend me to their orisons
And chide them not that they debase my own:
They know no higher worship, and to them
The cherished symbols they can ne'er transcend
Are a diurnal elevation, or at least
Sustain them from a lower subsidence.
I have essayed to raise them, but in vain,
And mourned mine inability.

And he goes on, in effect, to say that his wife and family follow in faith the ceremonies enjoined by the dispensation under which they lived—but that, for himself, he knows better. Now, to speak seriously, all this is mere man's devising. Job, like every other patriarch, followed out the sacrificial system, and looked upon the diligent performance of it as his bounden duty and reasonable service. And a feeling of slight towards institutions which were to them what the very image of the things is to the Gospel dispensation, is nowise consistent with the character of a just man, like Job, in the days when he is supposed to have lived—the days of Amram, the father of Moses. He feared God, and eschewed evil; and so far from thinking scorn of typical rites, even in his heart—though he may have had a dim vision of better things to come in the far vista of the future—we have scriptural authority for knowing that he was not the unwilling or indifferent attendant at the daily sacrifices of his house, but the actual prime mover of them. We learn thence why he was diligent at this service; and it occurs to the mind that, if we are to give our accord to the new version before us, it awkwardly fails to tally with the old one in cutting away all reason why Job should have said, "It may be that my sons have sinned," and why these words stand as a ground for his regularly repeated rites. Such was not Noah's or Abraham's frame of mind, or we should not read of their constant sacrifices, nor of Jacob so continually that "he built an altar there." We maintain that any doubt of the efficacy of material helps to devotion is a growth of far later date; and that Job's regrets that he cannot raise his wife's mind above the dull level of symbolic worship are a development not dreamed of in his philosophy.

Mr. Pember's third scene, where the messengers in succession cumulate the tale of losses and afflictions, strikes us as the best, because the simplest in the book; and if we could pause at its close, and so avoid Scene iv., it might leave a pleasant impression last upon the memory. But in that scene imagination has revelled so very freely that duty claims a notice of it; and the reader's patience must be taxed so far at least as will suffice for attending the funeral of Job's family. We would that Mr. Pember had observed, in letter and spirit, the rule of Horace, "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet." He has, however, brought us to the tomb hewn in the rock, and has harped unpleasantly, in our judgment, on the fluttering of the grave-clothes. The good taste, indeed, of the whole scene is so questionable that we are too serious to say that he has murdered Job's family anew. The utmost license allowable to poets cannot justify or maintain the right to paint Job's eldest son as he is painted in the "leaders" of the messengers to the mourners' chant. We look for verisimilitude, if we are not strict about exact truth, in incidents for which the dramatist trusts to his imagination. Will it be believed that upon the basis of Job's words, "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts," Mr. Pember has reared a figment, as unlikely as it is unseemly, that Elkanah (for so, as we presume his inquiries have enabled him to ascertain, was Job's first-born named) was not only feasting at the head of a table surrounded by his brethren and sisters, but also wantoning in lawless love and shameless profligacy, "when the wind from the wilderness came and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men"? Let a specimen of this episode suffice to illustrate our remarks upon it:—

Elkanah spake; and turning he was 'ware
Of dark, deep-bosomed Urphaz by his side;
Ah me, ah me! they were the goodliest pair
That sin e'er yoked to love unsanctified.
She with a wanton arch of her white breast,
And stamp of wilder heat on either cheek,
Her lover's neck with her yoked fingers prest,
And leapt and kissed him as he ceased to speak.

It is no excuse that the superstructure raised upon this baseless excess of fancy gives an opportunity for a striking contrast in the sudden destruction which comes upon the presumed sinners unawares. To paint the halls of Job's children as the abode of rankest ungodliness is mere treason against the whole of our notions of the Patriarch. If God knew Abraham, and honoured him because He knew "that he would command his children and his household after him," is it to be supposed that He would accept Job's integrity, and hold it up to the chief of the fallen hosts whose name is Legion, as something against which his shafts were powerless, if the Patriarch had not given

to his children a training, as well as an example, productive of other fruits than riot and debauchery? Our author has not only no warranty for this—he has not even the slightest thread to assist him in weaving a tissue so weak, so incapable of being held together. And as to its good taste, has Mr. Pember never read words that rung not so many years ago from a University pulpit, and charged the students, “if they must have poetry, to let it be the manly strain of minstrels who have swept the chords to noble themes, not the voluptuous of those who have been the priests to base passions?” It cannot be that the episode of Elkanah and Urphaz, even if it were not a flat violation of probabilities and a sin against the light of Scripture (to which St. Chrysostom’s commentary on Job, to which we have referred, gives not the slightest countenance), could be other than a grievous infraction of the laws of good taste; and we are sorry to be obliged to add that the episode of the Maiden of Teman, whom the devils are to persuade “to wed a wealthy fool she loathes,” is another error of the same nature, though not in the same degree, because not so highly worked up.

It would be interesting to us to know what criticism the “sweet friend” to whom Mr. Pember dedicates his volume will pass upon these, to our judgment, reprehensible swervings of his muse. She has had considerable influence over him, if we may judge even from the slight fact which strikes us in the first stanza:—

At any rate,
By mine the dawn’s chill looks have come to be,
As noon’s to other men, familiar unto me—

and which we prosaically interpret to mean that she has persuaded him “to rise betimes in the morning.” We trust that, under her guidance, the next of his matutinal flights of song will less soil his pinions; and that he will, at any rate, avail himself of the clearest and brightest working-hours, which his “sweet friend” has taught him to employ, for the task of pruning excrescences such as these, of which she will do much if she can make him ashamed.

THE CAUSE OF RAIN.*

IF there is any country in the world where a more than ordinary interest in the theory of the weather, and especially in the cause of rain, ought to be felt, damp, drizzly, changeable, foggy England is surely the place. To judge from the inevitable tendency of English small talk to fasten upon insignificant meteorological facts as the most appropriate basis of conversation, there really seems to be a sufficiently eager desire to fathom the mysteries of the weather. The same disposition shows itself in a thousand ways. A weather almanac which makes one happy prediction becomes a fortune to the lucky publisher. Penny-almanacs surpass themselves when they have portentous thunderbolts and monstrous hailstones to write about; and as the stereotyped accounts of the progress of the electric fluid, and the amazement of the oldest inhabitant invariably appear in the daily papers, however great may be the supply of more important news, it may be presumed that the subject is one which may always be relied on to win a host of readers. Then there are thousands of people who have their own infallible methods of foretelling a change of weather by the changes of the moon, or by the more scientific plan of a cycle of observations. The number of observers who note, with greater or less accuracy, the variations of the barometer and thermometer, and measure every inch of rain that falls throughout the year, is almost countless. Perhaps there is no scientific subject which receives so much attention of every kind, from the most philosophical down to the most casual observations, as meteorology, and especially that branch of the science which treats of the phenomena connected with rain. And yet nothing, or almost nothing, is known with certainty about this universally studied science. The nearest approach to an explanation of the cause of rain which is to be found in any standard scientific work is sure to be a slipshod sort of theory which rather indicates a more or less conceivable cause than affects to give a sound induction from the multitude of observed phenomena. The field has long been open for discovery, and Mr. Rowell has come forward with a theory which he believes sufficient to solve the whole mystery of rain and snow, wind and hail, lightning and tempest, which has baffled the world till now. Nay, he even goes so far as to suggest a scheme by which rain may be produced at pleasure, and holds out some hope of satisfying the agricultural desire for rain upon the green crops and sun upon the hay. We gather from Mr. Rowell’s introductory chapter, and from some casual remarks in the course of the work, that he is a self-educated paper-hanger, over whose mind the phenomena of meteorology have exercised a marvellous fascination. To fathom the cause of rain and its attendant phenomena became a passion with him, and the present work is the ripe fruit of his investigations, which had already been given to the world in a pamphlet, published in 1841, with the startling title, *Conjectures on the Cause of Rain, Storms, the Aurora, and Magnetism: with a Suggestion for Causing Rain at Will*. Probably the reader’s first impulse will be to laugh at so preposterous a pretension, and to class the author among the crowd of demented discoverers who are always producing infal-

lible methods of squaring the circle and new inventions for perpetual motion. There could not be a greater mistake. Whatever may be the amount of truth in his theory, Mr. Rowell is not a man to be laughed at. Like Hugh Miller, he was born with the true scientific instinct; and though he very needlessly deprecates criticism of his style and arguments, and modestly recounts the drawbacks of his career, the clearness with which his theory is explained, and the logical force with which the argument from recorded and familiar facts is maintained, could not have been surpassed if scientific composition had been the only occupation of the author’s life. In saying this, we do not mean to convey the impression that we are prepared to accept Mr. Rowell’s theory. If it were material to give a precise opinion upon it, we should be disposed to class it among the preliminary theories which in every branch of science have led through error into truth. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy was physically false, but it grouped together a vast number of true facts, and was really the first step towards the Copernican system, which at the first blush seems to be in diametrical opposition to it. Just in the same way, Newton’s false corpuscular theory of light generalized a vast number of facts, and offered explanations of the phenomena of diffraction which were capable of being transferred almost unchanged into the undulatory theory of Young. Our author will probably be found to occupy a corresponding position in the science of meteorology. By means of a simple theory he has generalized a vast number of phenomena; and though we believe his fundamental hypothesis to be altogether inadmissible, it may not improbably prove the first step towards the true theory, from which any future advance will be made by incorporating, as it were *en masse*, the fruits of Mr. Rowell’s hypothesis.

But it is time that we should state what the hypothesis is. It constitutes (with abundant probability) electricity as the prime agent in all atmospheric phenomena. It assumes that electricity is a material fluid, occupying a sensible portion of space to the exclusion of air or other matter, though not ponderable, or at least not appreciably so. This fluid is supposed to diffuse itself over the surfaces of all material bodies with a tendency to equal distribution. Any substance surcharged with more than its natural or equilibrium proportion of electricity is positively electrified, and when supplied with a thinner coating than naturally belongs to it, becomes negatively electrified. The rest we give in the author’s own words:—

The theory is, That the atoms of water being so minute are, when completely enveloped in their natural coatings of electricity, rendered so buoyant as to be liable, even when in their most condensed state, to be carried off by slight currents of air; but if expanded by heat, their capacity for electricity being increased by their increase of surface, they are then rendered buoyant at all times, and are buoyed up into the air by their coatings of electricity; when, if condensed, they become positively electrified, but are still buoyed up by the electricity, till, on the escape of the surcharge, the particles fall as rain.

It is impossible within the compass of a brief review, to give an adequate idea of the ingenuity with which almost all the known phenomena of rain and storms are made to bear tribute to the author’s theory. The great variety of facts which the hypothesis succeeds in explaining renders it almost impossible to doubt that the concurrent testimony gained from the phenomena of evaporation, the suspension of clouds, the formation of rain and hail, the peculiarities of thunder-storms, and other natural phenomena, can only be accounted for by the supposition that the hypothesis involves certain elements of the true theory—or, to speak more precisely, that it stands in some definite and perhaps simple relation to the actual truth. As a hypothesis which explains many facts, and may be expected to explain more, it will serve the purpose of a scaffolding by the aid of which the true science may hereafter be built up; though, as an absolute statement of physical facts, it cannot be admitted for a moment. The argument in favour of the materiality of electricity goes no further than to say that the contrary is not proved; and, if this be thought a sufficient foundation for a tentative theory, there are other difficulties which are quite fatal. To mention only one—the theory really requires that a vapour, or at any rate the vapour of water, should be incapable of rising in a vacuum. Mr. Rowell’s notion is that each particle of water is floated in air by its attendant coat of electricity, just as a weight may be floated in water by means of a bladder of air. Take away the water in the last case, and the floating body sinks with it. Take away the air in the other case, and Mr. Rowell’s buoyant particle would fall for the same reason. This is directly at variance with perfectly well-ascertained facts, and is only one of several objections against which the theory cannot possibly stand. It is worth noticing, however, in connexion with this point, that a difficulty somewhat analogous and scarcely less formidable pervades all the received theories of the action of mixed gases. Any work on hydrostatics will be found to lay it down as an experimental truth, that different gases are as vacua to each other. The experiments on which this statement is founded are apparently as convincing as they could possibly be. The same treatise will probably assert the equally well-established truth that a gas heavier than air will seek the lowest level—as for instance, carbonic acid gas will lurk at the bottom of a well or a vat, and can be poured like water from one glass into another—while hydrogen will dissipate itself at once when the top of the vessel which contains it is opened to the air. We are not aware that these seemingly contradictory facts have ever been

* *An Essay on the Cause of Rain and its allied Phenomena.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society. Oxford: published by the Author. 1859.

reconciled, a word of Perhaps it buoyancy of vacuum. ally destru in the form however, is scarce, part of the ticles of v electricity that the c by the ac which wil the whole while his pable cri considers but as be apart from the discu fact is do those wh The p principle caused b in the a conduct vapour- requires clouds, true. I mounta would h trical c rain; a Weeks actually This, h of the prosper which philosop

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reconciled, and we know that they are commonly stated without a word of comment, as if they involved no difficulty whatever. Perhaps it is not a greater defect in a theory that it makes the buoyancy of vapour dependent on the air, while at the same time it admits the fact that vapour will diffuse itself through a perfect vacuum. But two difficulties are not like two negatives, mutually destructive, and we cannot hesitate to reject the new theory in the form in which the author states it. It is a curious fact, however, that of all the phenomena discussed in the essay there is scarcely one the explanation of which absolutely requires this part of the hypothesis to be true. Replace the theory that particles of vapour are floated by the buoyancy of a material coat of electricity by the less precise, but less objectionable, hypothesis that the conversion of a particle of water into vapour is attended by the accession of a certain quantity of electricity, the loss of which will cause the vapour to be again precipitated—and almost the whole of Mr. Rowell's reasoning would remain untouched, while his hypothesis would be purged of what seem to be palpable errors. In some such modified form the theory deserves consideration, not merely in reference to the immediate subject, but as bearing on the relations of heat and electricity. But quite apart from the truth of the proposed thesis, the skill with which the discussion is carried on, and the success with which fact after fact is dovetailed in, give a strange interest to the book, even to those who cannot place much trust in its startling theory.

The production of rain by artificial means is, upon the author's principles, the simplest thing in the world. Rain, he says, is caused by the abstraction of electricity from the vapour floating in the atmosphere. Thus mountains cause rain by acting as conductors, and not, as commonly assumed, by condensing the vapour—an explanation which, as Mr. Rowell justly observes, requires that the mountains should generally be colder than the clouds, which is not proved, and is not likely to be generally true. If conduction of electricity be the agency by which mountains cause rain, any other conductor thrust into a cloud would have the same effect. Thus a conducting balloon in electrical connexion with the earth might bring down a shower of rain; and, indeed, the author quotes a letter from the late Mr. Weeks, of Sandwich, in which it is said that this effect was actually produced by so insignificant an agent as an electrical kite. This, however, is but a small incident in the general development of the theory, and the real value of the book consists in the prospect which it holds out of a solution of meteorological facts which have hitherto defied the interpretation of our ablest philosophers.

THE TRANSMISSION OF ANCIENT BOOKS.*

THE present volume is made up out of two former works of the author, with which we are unfortunately not acquainted. The one was the *History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times*—the other, the *Process of Historical Proof*. These two have been thrown together, large portions apparently having been omitted, and large portions added, to meet the requirements of a new generation—it being as much as thirty years since their original publication. We gather from the preface, whence we learn these facts, that these omissions have made the present book less directly theological than were the two books out of which it was composed. They originally contained chapters bearing on the "Evidences of Christianity"—dealing, we suppose, with the evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the Old and New Testament. At present, we have the evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of Herodotus very fully and very cleverly dissected, and we are for the most part left to make our own inferences as to Moses and St. Matthew. The motive for this omission, Mr. Taylor tells us, is, that opposition to Christianity now deals with objections drawn rather from physical and abstract science than from history. We suppose this is both true and false in two different senses. The school of mere vulgar infidelity, which reviled the Bible as a book forged by priests, has, we hope, quite passed away. "Christianity" means so many different things that we perhaps hardly know what Mr. Taylor includes in the word. But surely there is a large mass of belief as to the origin and authority of the Old and New Testament writings—a belief common alike, at all events, to Greek, Roman, Anglican, and Presbyterian orthodoxy—which runs very seriously counter to certain modern schools of historical criticism. That the writers of those books were divinely preserved from error alike in fact and in doctrine may be no part of Mr. Taylor's idea of "Christianity," but it certainly forms part of the idea of Christianity as understood by the vast mass of Roman Catholics, English Churchmen, Scotch Presbyterians, and orthodox English Dissenters. Now, to go no farther, the last translated volume of Baron Bunsen's great work on Egypt directly contradicts such a view. The Baron is clearly far from disbelieving the Christian doctrines; he deals most reverentially with their records as repositories of moral and religious truth; but as narratives of historical facts, he deals with them precisely as with any other narratives of historical facts. This may very likely be no assault on Christianity as understood by Mr. Isaac Taylor; but we con-

ceive that Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Pusey, Dr. MacNeile, and Mr. Spurgeon would all agree in thinking Christianity very seriously endangered by it.

Properly to apply the process by which Mr. Taylor establishes the genuineness and authenticity of Herodotus to Jewish and Christian Scriptures, we ought first of all to get rid of the notion of "the Bible" as one book, beginning with the first verse of Genesis and ending with the last verse of the Revelation. The writings commonly bound up as one volume consist of works in at least three languages, written at different intervals, scattered over probably a millennium and a half. It is clear that the evidence for different books may be of very different kinds. The result, too, of shaking the received belief would be very different in different cases. No man would gravely say that Genesis and the Song of Solomon, that the Gospel and the Revelation of St. John, are really of equal value for faith or practice. Or, again, show that the prophecies of Jeremiah are of the age of the Maccabees, and you at once show them to be a forgery; but show the same of the Book of Job, and its value may be just as great as it was before. Again, people's ideas are so confused on such matters, that they have the most indistinct notions as to what is really the point to be proved. As to the Pentateuch, for instance—1st. Is it a true history? 2nd. Is it the work of Moses? 3rd. Was it written by divine inspiration? Of course the word "inspiration" is used in all kinds of senses by different people; but for our purpose it is enough to understand by it any sort of divine guidance which was not vouchsafed to Herodotus, to Matthew Paris, or to Lord Clarendon. In many people's minds these three totally distinct questions are utterly confused together. Yet neither the first nor the second implies either of the other two. The third does not imply the second, perhaps not even the first. For Baron Bunsen's view is at least intelligible—that, in books written for a moral and religious purpose, historical accuracy was quite a secondary matter, so that we may expect to find historical errors just as much as it is now commonly allowed that we find physical errors. But most certainly the Pentateuch nowhere asserts Moses to be its author, nor does it lay any claim to divine inspiration. It records certain revelations as having been made to Moses, but it neither asserts Moses to be the narrator, nor does it assert that the narrator was at all inspired in his narrative. The narrative might either have been composed by Moses without divine help, or by another writer with divine help; and in either case it might be a substantially true history. In short, the three positions are wholly distinct; though we believe that, by a large number of persons, not merely to doubt any one of the three, but even to hint that the three are distinct, would be at once set down as sapping the foundations of the faith.

Looking through all historical literature, sacred and profane, we see that in some cases genuineness is of much more consequence than in others. Thus, the *Anabasis* of Xenophon and the *Commentaries* of Caesar might be shown to be the work of some other writers, and yet remain authentic narratives. But if the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Polybius can be shown to be written by any but those whose names they bear, they are at once proclaimed to be impudent forgeries, and great suspicion is thrown upon the truth of the narratives. So, if the Pentateuch could be shown to be written by Joshua or Caleb, nothing would be lost; but the autobiography of Nehemiah must be the work either of Nehemiah or of a forger. Take another case—the book we attribute to Isaiah. The early parts claim to be the work of Isaiah, and they are either his or a forger's; but the latter portions make no such claim. They may be the work of some one else, added by mistake to Isaiah's own writings, and yet be just as good for history or prophecy, for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness as if we knew the name of the author. We say all this by way of warning to any who may attempt to apply Mr. Taylor's rules as he clearly wishes them to be applied. Let him first of all be quite certain in his own mind what it is that he wants to prove.

We can hardly suppose that Mr. Taylor himself greatly needs any such warning. His book is throughout ingenious and interesting. To the ordinary reader it will convey a large amount of new facts, while the scholar will find much that he knew before lucidly arranged and put to a good purpose. Mr. Taylor's mind is unusually clear and acute. He thoroughly understands what historical evidence really is—what a given argument proves, and what it does not—which is what really very few people are able to do. A few expressions of contempt towards the middle ages here and there peep out, but they are amply redeemed by a generally fair tone towards the most misunderstood period of history. He also understands how to bring written and unwritten, documentary and monumental evidence, to bear upon one another. We do not know whether Mr. Taylor is a professed out-door antiquary, or whether he only studies in the British Museum; but he has clearly got hold of the great truth that, really to investigate the history of a period, one must both read its books and see its monuments. There has been no more fertile source of error than the hasty inferences of mere in-door scholars and of mere out-door antiquaries, each of whom wanted the others to set them right. Mr. Taylor's observations on the Greek and Egyptian monuments are true and to the point. To be sure, they are now not exactly new, but they may very well have been so thirty years back.

* *The History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times; together with the Process of Historical Proof.* By Isaac Taylor. A New Edition. London: Jackson and Walford. 1859.

We quote almost at haphazard a single passage, as a specimen of the acute way in which Mr. Taylor deals with his subject, though it is followed by some remarks on Biblical evidence which we could not so implicitly endorse:—

The validity of evidence in proof of remote facts is not affected, either for the better or the worse, by the weight of the consequences that may happen to depend upon them.

No principle can be much more obviously true than this; and if the reader chooses to call it a truism, he is welcome to do so; and yet none is more often disregarded. With the same sort of inconsistency which impels us to measure the punishment of an offence, not by its turpitude, but by the amount of injury it may have occasioned, we are instinctively inclined to think the most slender evidence *good enough* in proof of a point which is of no importance; while we distrust the best evidence as if it were feeble, on any occasion when the fact in question involves great and pressing interests. We are apt to think of evidence as if it were a cord or a wire, which though it may sustain a certain weight, must needs snap with a greater. And yet the slightest reflection will dissipate a prejudice that is so groundless and absurd.

It is very true that the degree of care, of diligence, and of attention with which we examine evidence may well be proportioned to the importance of the consequences that are involved in the decision. A jurymen ought indeed to give his utmost attention to testimony that may sentence a prisoner to a month's confinement; but if he be open to the common feelings of humanity, he will exercise a tenfold caution when life or death is to be the issue of the verdict. This is very proper; but no one who is capable of reasoning justly would think that, if the proof of guilt in the former case has been thoroughly examined, and is quite conclusive, it can become a jot less convincing if it should be found that some new interpretation of the law makes the offence capital.

The genuineness of the Satires and Epistles of Horace is allowed by all scholars to be unquestionable, and any one who has examined the evidence in this instance must call him a mere sophist who should attempt to raise a controversy on the subject. Would the case be otherwise than it is, even though proof of the genuineness of these writings should overthrow the British Constitution, or should make it the duty of every man to resign his property to his servant?

Mr. Taylor then goes on to complain that, because much more important consequences follow from admitting the genuineness of the Scriptures than from admitting that of the classic authors, people are dissatisfied with evidence for the former which they would readily accept in the case of the latter. He tells us also, "The poems of Anacreon, the tragedies of Sophocles, the plays of Terence, the epistles of Pliny, are adjudged to be safe from the imputation of spuriousness or of material corruption; and yet evidence ten times greater as to its quantity, variety, and force supports the genuineness of the poems of Isaiah and the epistles of Paul." We suppose that the particular heathen and scriptural authors mentioned were chosen at haphazard, and the selection of Anacreon is, at any rate, unlucky. It strikes us that there is here, on Mr. Taylor's part, something of the kind of confusion of which we spoke above. As he goes on to speak of "the Scriptures" generally, we suppose he merely quotes Isaiah and Paul as types, and does not mean to speak specially of them. Now, does this "tenfold evidence" exist in the case of every book? Can Mr. Taylor trace such a series of quotations and allusions up to the time of any Old Testament writer as he has himself done in the case of Herodotus? Does he suppose that the evidence for the former and latter portions of "the poems of Isaiah" is exactly the same? What of the Epistle to the Hebrews? It may be in every respect as good, as divine, if written by Silas or Apollos as if written by St. Paul, but the evidence for the common belief is surely not so strong as that for the genuineness of the tragedies of Sophocles. And the results following on admitting the genuineness or authenticity of the books differ widely in different cases. As to the book of Esther, for instance, there is no question of genuineness, because the book is anonymous. But, let its accuracy as a piece of Persian history be either affirmed or denied, and it is hard to see what point of Christian faith or practice is confirmed or endangered either way. Let the Song of Solomon be either a divine mystery or an erotic pastoral, and the Law and the Gospel stand just where they were in either case. On the other hand, a man may believe that the massacre of Purim really took place, and that Solomon wrote the Song of Songs, and yet not be a jot nearer to Christian or Jewish orthodoxy. But if he accept the facts of the Pentateuch and the Gospel, that is quite another matter, because in those books the acceptance of facts is a great step towards the acceptance of doctrines. Not having seen the chapters which Mr. Taylor has omitted in his reprint, we do not know how far these cautions are needed by him. But we are quite sure that they are needed by the great mass of disputants, both orthodox and heterodox. We have been ourselves trying to put our own case quite *ab extra*. All we want to do is again to impress on the mind of every man who tries to prove anything, that he should first of all be quite certain what it is that he wants to prove.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their Sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF HENRY THE FIFTH, which will be withdrawn after Saturday, 9th July, NEVER TO BE REPEATED UNDER THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.
On MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's Historical Play of HENRY THE FIFTH, commencing at Seven o'clock. King Henry, Mr. C. KEAN; Chorus, Mrs. C. KEAN. To conclude with the New Farce, in one act, entitled, IF THE CAP FITS.

RUBINSTEIN, WIENIAWSKI, and PIATTI, on TUESDAY.
NEXT, will repeat MENDELSSOHN'S GRAND TRIO, IN C MINOR, at the GRAND MATINEE of the MUSICAL UNION, and play Solos. Early application for Tickets is requested. J. ELLA.

MUSICAL UNION.—GRAND MATINEE, TUESDAY,
June 22nd, at Three o'clock.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Quintet in G, *Beethoven*: Solo, Violoncello; Vocal, Middle. *Arctot*: Grand Trio; G Minor. *Mendelssohn*: Vocal, Middle. MEYER; Solo, Violin, WIENIAWSKI; Vocal, Middle. *Arctot*: Solos, Pianoforte, RUBINSTEIN. All Free Admissions are suspended, except those of Hon. Members. Admissions, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Cramer and Co.; Chappell's; and Olivier's. J. ELLA, Director.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.
CONTINUED SUCCESS.—THIRD WEEK OF THE BURLESQUE ITALIAN OPERA.—Open every Night at Eight. The usual Day Representations every Saturday Afternoon at Three.
Dress Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 39, Old Bond-street; and at the Hall (Piccadilly Entrance).

MIDDLE ANNA WHITTY, from the Principal Theatres in Italy, will sing, for the First Time in England, at M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, July 4th.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, PALL MALL EAST (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**HERR CARL WERNER announces that the FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of his PICTURES in WATER-COLOURS is NOW OPEN at his Atelier, No. 49, PALL MALL, where he will be happy to receive those Visitors who may favour him with a call, between the hours of Half-past Two and Six o'clock.
49, Pall Mall, June 9th, 1859.**

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Patron—H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, K.G.
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A CONVERSAZIONE will be held in the South Kensington Museum (which will be open to the Visitors exclusively), on THURSDAY EVENING, July 7th, at Eight o'clock. Subscribers or their Friends may obtain Cards by Letter to the Hon. Sec. at 13, Stratford-place, W. GEO. GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A., Treasurer. JOSEPH CLARKE, F.S.A., Hon. Sec.

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(Signed) T. M. COOMBS, Esq., Treasurer. ALGERNON WELLS, Hon. Sec. Rev. T. REES, Resident Secretary.

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CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in Payment of Claims and Additions upwards of £1,500,000.
Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.
SAMUEL INGALL, *Actuary*.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
The TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the SOCIETY was held at EDINBURGH on 3rd MAY, 1859.

J. WHITEFOORD MACKENZIE, Esq., W.S., in the Chair.

From the Report by the Directors, which was unanimously approved of, the following particulars are extracted:—

During the year ending 1st March last, 461 Policies had been issued. The Sums thereby Assured amounted to £230,295, and the Annual Premiums thereon to £275 7s. 1d.

Eighty-four Members of the Society had died during the year, the Sums Assured on their Lives being £54,850, with Bonus Additions of £15,375, amounting together to £70,225. These Claims were fewer in number by 27, and less in amount by £21,000 than the Claims of the previous year.

The following was the position of the Society at 1st March last:—

AMOUNT OF EXISTING ASSURANCES	£5,272,367
ACCUMULATED FUND	1,194,657
ANNUAL REVENUE	187,240

The particulars of the Triennial Investigation into the Society's affairs for the Seventh Allocation of Profits were then detailed:—

First.—The GROSS FUNDS, ASSETS, and PROPERTY of the Society amounted at 1st March, 1859, to £2,804,340.

I. FUNDS REALIZED, viz.:

1. Loans on Heritable Securities	£530,712
2. Do. on various other Securities	9,336
3. Do. to Members on the Society's Policies	131,775
4. Do. to Railways on Debentures	355,792
5. Do. to Glasgow Corporation Water Works	30,000
6. Bank of England Stock and Consols	60,786
7. Reversions, Policies, and Government and other Life Annuities purchased	32,950
8. Outstanding sums, chiefly Premiums due on or immediately before 1st March, 1859, but not falling to be remitted till after that date	52,878
9. Balances due by the Society's Bankers	10,050
10. House and Furniture, No. 26, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh	5,250
11. Premises, No. 26, Poultry, London, and Furniture	3,000

SUM AS BEFORE

II. PRESENT VALUE OF CONTRIBUTIONS or PREMIUMS of ASSURANCE receivable by the Society, after deducting two and a-half per cent. for expenses of collection

GROSS ASSETS

Second.—The WHOLE OBLIGATIONS of the Society amounted at 1st March, 1851, to £2,603,717, viz.:

I. Various sums outstanding, chiefly Policies which had emerged at 1st March, 1859, but had not been paid at that date	£30,781
II. Present value of sums contained in, and to become due under, the Society's Policies	2,566,936

TOTAL OBLIGATIONS

Third.—The GROSS ASSETS of the Society thus amounting to £2,804,340 And the TOTAL OBLIGATIONS to 2,603,717

There arises a SURPLUS, as at 1st March, 1859, of £200,632 By the law regulating the division of surplus, the Directors have power to allocate at each investigation, a sum not exceeding two-thirds of the surplus then declared, in vested additions to Policies of not less than five years' standing, and a sum of not less than one-third is appointed to be reserved at each investigation for contingent prospective additions, and for other purposes of the Society.

Two-thirds of the foresaid surplus of £200,632 amount to £133,755, and by an allocation of £129,517 of this sum was made a vested addition at 1st March, 1859, at the rate of one and three-quarters per cent. per annum to all Policies then of five years' standing, providing for a Bonus of £248,467 payable at the death of the parties entitled thereto. After providing for this vested addition, there still remained £4,238 between the sum allocated and the two-thirds of the surplus placed by the law at the discretion of the Directors for division.

The Report concludes in the following terms:—
"The Directors cannot doubt but that every Policyholder must be gratified at these results. After a most rigid scrutiny, the Funds and Assets of the Society have been found sufficient, not only to meet all the Liabilities, but to warrant the declaration of large additions to Policies, at the same time fully maintaining the reserve required by the Laws and Constitution of the Society."

"The Directors would remind the Members that it is their interest to make known as widely as possible the advantages afforded by the Society, and they would call on all to co-operate with them and with the Local Agents of the Society in advancing its business and promoting its success."

Copies of the Report of the Annual Meeting are now in the hands of the Society's Agents, and may be had on application.

HEAD OFFICE—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

ROBERT CHRISTIE, *Manager*.

WM. FINLAY, *Secretary*.

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EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3 WM. IV.
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ESTABLISHED 1823.

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The LOWEST rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.
THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every Fifth Year.
Assets amounting to £1,840,000
During its existence the Society has paid in Claims, and in reduction of Bonus Liability, nearly 2,000,000
Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of 1,365,000
The last Bonus, declared in 1859, which averaged £205 PER CENT., 475,000 on the Premiums paid, amounted to
Policies in force 7,818
The Annual Income exceeds 260,000
In pursuance of the INVARIABLE practice of this Society, in the event of the Death of the Life Assured within the fifteen days of grace, the Renewal Premium remaining unpaid, the Claim will be admitted, subject to the payment of such Premium.
Assurances effected prior to 31st December, 1859, will participate in the Division in 1864.
Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to ALEXANDER MACDONALD, *Secretary*.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY,
64, PRINCES-STREET, EDINBURGH; 67, SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.
Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament, 1809.

New Assurances during the past year	£377,425 0 0
Yielding in New Premiums	12,565 18 8
Profit realized since the last septennial investigation	136,629 5 0
Bonus declared of £1 6s. per cent. PER ANNUM on every policy opened prior to December 31st, 1858.	
Fire Premiums received in 1858	£31,345 18 5

LONDON BOARD.

Sir PETER LAURIE, *Alderman, Chairman*.

JOHN I. GLENNIE, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman*.

William Borradaile, Esq. Archibald Cockburn, Esq.

John Connell, Esq. Peter Northall Laurie, Esq.

Charles J. Knowles, Esq., Q.C. Alexander Dobie, Esq., *Lancaster-place, Solicitor*.

Bankers—Union Bank of London.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, &c., may be obtained at the Office, 4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.

ROBERT STRACHAN, *Secretary*.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—MILITIA, YEOMANRY, and RIFLE CORPS.

THE DIRECTORS of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY beg to intimate that, on the 2nd of January, 1855, they adopted a Resolution to the effect that persons entering Militia or Yeomanry Corps should not be subject to any Extra Premium while in the performance of their duties in Great Britain or Ireland. The same Resolution applies to Rifle Corps.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, *Resident Secretary*.

London, 82, King William-street, E.C., June, 1859.

THE DIRECTORS of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY request attention to the REPORT of the COMPANY for THE YEAR 1858. A Printed Copy can be obtained on application at the Company's Offices in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or to any of the Agents in England, Scotland, or Ireland. The following results are stated in the Report:—

The New Assurances effected during 1858 exceed £500,000, and the amount during the last Ten Years exceeds £5,000,000.

The Income of the Company is upwards of £275,000; and the Accumulated Fund exceeds considerably £1,500,000.

The STANDARD was established in 1825, and the profits realized have been divided on five occasions, 1835, 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855.

The Sixth Division of Profits will take place next year, and there is an advantage in joining the Company before the close of the books in the present year, as the benefit of Two Years' entry to the profit scheme will be secured.

Attention is specially directed to the fact that the Company have lately introduced into their Policies certain Terms and Conditions which make them of increased value as the basis of Marriage Settlements, Family Provisions, and all transactions where it is essential that the contract should be, as far as possible, a complete security against all contingencies.

WILL. THOS. THOMSON, *Manager*.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, *Res. Sec.*

LONDON, 82, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

EDINBURGH, 3, GEORGE STREET. DUBLIN, 60, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

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